

For SERVANTS and BARGAINS See Last Two Pages.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 16.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1903.

One Penny.

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S remarkable new novel, "DOUBLE HARNESS," will begin in the "Daily Mirror," TUESDAY, December 1st. Having read the advance proofs we can safely state that "DOUBLE HARNESS" will be one of the most discussed works of recent years.

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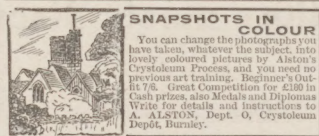
ART SUPPLEMENT.
A feature of the number will be a Photographure of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, from a portrait intended for the Exhibition of 1905, by J. H. Bacon, A.R.A. The original portrait has been pronounced by competent critics as amongst the best work of this well-known artist. The photographure has been executed by Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co. and will be found a highly artistic production. Such a combination of high-class Christmas literature with the best art of the day will not be found in any other Christmas Annual of the year.

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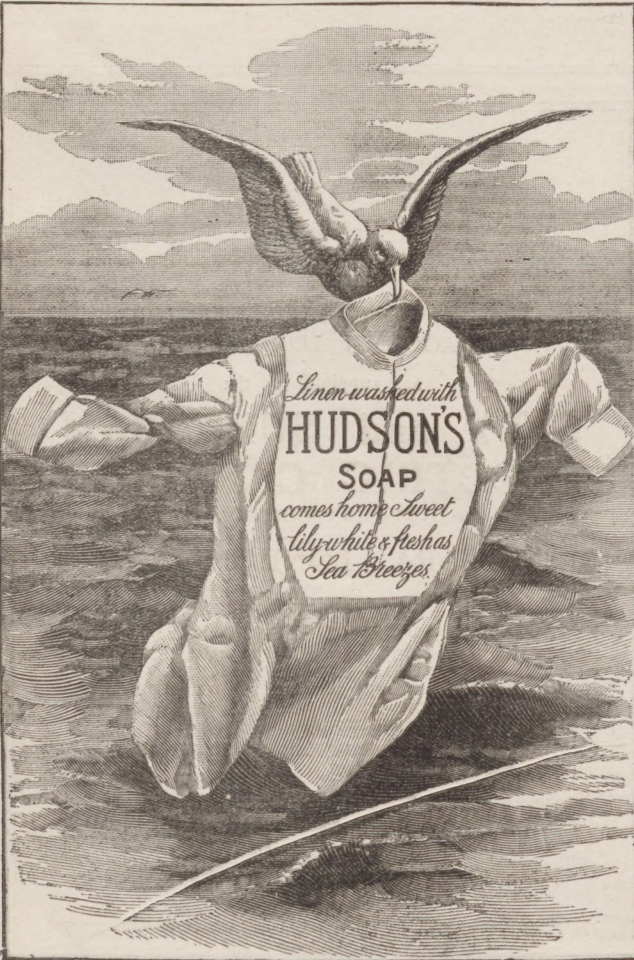
November.

FRUIT DISHES FOR THIS MONTH.

Stewed Apples & Custard.
Stewed Pears & Custard.
Sliced Bananas & Custard.
Stewed Prunes & Custard.
Stewed Figs & Custard.
All Tinned & Bottled Fruits
& Custard.

Rich in Nutriment—Delicate in Flavor.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!



TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Light northerly breezes; fair, but raw and cold; local fogs.
Lighting-up time for all vehicles, 5.1.

SEA PASSAGES.
English Channel and Irish Channel, smooth; North Sea, moderate.

The Daily Mirror.

PAGE 3.

323rd Day of Year.

Thursday, Nov. 19, 1903.

42 days to Dec. 31.

1903.	Nov.	Dec.
Sun.	22 29	6 13
Mon.	23 30	7 14
Tues.	24	1 8 15
Wed.	25	2 9 16
Thurs.	19 26	3 10 17
Fri.	20 27	4 11 18
Sat.	21 28	5 12 19

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

A Vindication.

THE verdict of the jury in the case for libel brought against the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE by Professor BAYLISS is a decision of the greatest importance. By awarding the plaintiff £2,000 damages they have achieved a most courageous vindication of sanity as opposed to sentimentalism and ignorance.

The whole subject of vivisection is an unpleasant one; but it has been made unpleasant chiefly by the offensive and unscrupulous tactics of people who parade a mock humanity while they reveal themselves as essentially bankrupt of true humanity. Many of the supporters of the anti-vivisection movement we believe to be perfectly sincere, and anxious only to carry on a humane crusade; but the case which was concluded yesterday reveals how far they are misled by the leaders of the movement, and by what strange and, we might add, unsatisfactory methods those leaders procure their evidence.

The case for the defence rested almost entirely on the evidence of two Swedish ladies, who, it was elicited, had never witnessed a vivisection before, but who gained admission to London demonstrating theatres on the grounds that they were students interested in research. It transpired, however, in the course of their evidence, that they came with minds already prejudiced, and prepared to discover negligence and cruelty in the operator's methods. If their story had been accepted by the jury, it would have resulted in the ruin of Professor BAYLISS as an investigator, and (what he would probably have felt much more) in his being branded as a cruel and ruthlessly inhumane man.

Fortunately, however, the jury did not accept their evidence so readily as did the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. There has probably never before been a case in which statements of such grave import, and involving so grave a charge against the practice and character of an eminent man of science, were accepted with so little attempt at corroboration as these statements were accepted by the Hon. STEPHEN COLERIDGE. He seems to have taken the word of these Swedish ladies without demur, and to have published his libel on Professor BAYLISS without hesitation. Nor can the ladies themselves be acquitted of blame. They seem to have had little sense of the gravity of their accusations. They attended the demonstration professing in the interests of humanity; but, although they believed that cruelty was being enacted, they made no protest, excusing themselves on the plea that it was "not their business." If their purpose had been the simple, humane purpose that it was represented to be, it was their duty to go direct to the demonstrator and protest against his alleged cruelty.

It will be a matter of deep gratification to all humane people that these gross and unfounded charges have met with the repudiation which they deserve. No one, we are glad to say, need have any misgivings as to the condition of the animal at the experiment described. Anyone who has experience of anaesthetics knows that spasmodic movements, arising from artificial stimulation and reflex action, and even groans and cries, are consistent with complete anaesthesia and the profoundest unconsciousness on the part of the subject. We are glad to think that the conduct of these experiments is in the hands of men who are conspicuous for their kind-heartedness and humanity. Vivisection, as we have said, is not a pleasant necessity, but that it is a necessity no one who has ever benefited by surgical or medical treatment should doubt. What mother would not save her child's life at the cost of a painless operation on a dog or cat? Yet that is the simple statement of the whole question of vivisection. The lower animals, who are our unwilling but valuable allies in research, will be the last to suffer from the inculcation of that wider and truer humanity which is the lesson of all science.

Court



Circular.

Windsor Castle, Nov. 18.

Their Majesties the King and the Queen of Italy, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, shot over the coverts of Windsor Great Park this morning.

The King and the Queen of Italy were joined at luncheon at Cranbourne Tower

by their Majesties the Queen and the Queen of Italy and the Royal Family.

The Marquis of Lansdowne (Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) and the Marchioness of Lansdowne, and the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour (First Lord of the Treasury) arrived at the Castle.

A state banquet was given in St. George's Hall this evening in honour of their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy.

All To-Day's News at a Glance.

Social.

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena spent an interesting day yesterday. His Majesty laid a wreath on Queen Victoria's grave, and the royal party drove to Cranbourne Towers later, where King Edward and the King of Italy enjoyed a few hours' shooting. The two Queens also visited the St. George's and the Memorial Chapels.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, at present crossing the Atlantic on the Kaiser Wilhelm II., are expected to go on to Cherbourg en route for Paris.

Prince Soltykoff is weaker, and his condition is grave.

Lord Roberts's general condition is so good that it is probable no further bulletins will be issued.

Sir John Blundell Maple is resting well, but his condition is unchanged.

Mr. Gerald Balfour is now allowed to sit up daily.

Home.

The Marquis of Downshire, who owns almost the largest estates in Ireland, has been approached by his tenants with a view to the purchase of their holdings under the new Land Act.

The funeral of Lord William Cavendish-Bentinck took place at Bolsover yesterday.

Sir Henry Ludlow died at Hythe last night from a paralytic stroke.

The ex-Crown Princess of Saxony with her child passed through London on their way to the Isle of Wight.

The Rev. W. J. Forbes Robberds, of Bristol, has been elected Bishop of Brechin, N.B.

Mr. Harry de Windt, the famous traveller, has given a large piece of land for the site of ten cottages to be erected for aged miners at Dinington, Northumberland.

Mr. W. J. Bryan, the late candidate for the Presidency of the United States, arrived in London last night.

Woolwich Artillery Barracks Theatre, with seats for 2,000 persons, has been destroyed by fire.

All the workmen at the Crown Spelter Works, Swansea, have come out on strike, as the result of a dispute on Sunday labour.

Mr. Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, has been seriously ill with nervous prostration since his wife's death.

The Temperance Committee of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference has declined to endorse the Temperance Manifesto.

Political.

Mr. Chamberlain, in bidding farewell to the Colonial Agents-General yesterday, was told by Sir Walter Peace, the Natal representative, that it was "au revoir" and not "good-bye."—See page 4.

A meeting of the Cabinet will be held tomorrow.

Mr. William J. Galloway, Unionist M.P. for South-West Manchester, has severed his connection with the Free Food League, and become a supporter of Mr. Balfour's policy.

Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, ex-Cabinet Ministers, addressed their constituents last night.—See page 4.

Speaking at Whitchurch yesterday Colonel Kenyon-Slaney, M.P., said Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals would be advantageous to agriculturists, and he hoped the surplus promised by Mr. Chamberlain would go to the relief of agricultural taxation.

Four hundred delegates who attended the National Liberal Federation meeting yesterday at Liverpool were informed by their chairman that the Liberal Party was absolutely united.

Foreign.

Great satisfaction is felt in Italy at the cordiality of the reception accorded to King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena in England.

The celebration of the King of Siam's Jubilee has been carried out at Bangkok with greater splendour than in any former year.

The funeral of the late Princess Elizabeth of Hesse takes place to-day. Typhus is officially stated to have been the cause of death.

The King of Greece yesterday lunched with Sir Francis Plunkett, the British Ambassador at Vienna.

Mr. Edwin Lord Weeks, the American painter, who designed some of the illustrations for Mr. Kipling's "Kim," has died in Paris.

While landing at Constantinople from Roumania, with a passport in the name of a European, Prince Loufoullah, nephew of the Sultan, has been arrested and conveyed to the Yildiz Kiosk. His visit was not political.

The late Queen Draga's jewellery has been valued at Belgrade at £7,400. If taken out of Serbia the buyers will have to pay £520 export duty.

Colonel Marchand denies the report that he is about to relinquish his command in the French Army.

If the Porte's reply to the Powers concerning Macedonian reform is not delivered by tomorrow the ambassadors of Russia and Austria will seek a personal interview with the Sultan.

The United States has arranged with the new Panama Republic the main features of a treaty for the construction of a Panama canal, and the draft is in preparation.

Colonial.

Mr. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, declares that consideration for the industries of that colony prevent a reduction of the duties on British imports.

Lord Dundonald, Governor-General of Canada, has left Ottawa for British Columbia to inspect the fortifications of Esquimaux, which may be taken over by the Canadian Government as a contribution to Imperial defence.

Sir J. West Ridgeway, the retiring Governor of Ceylon, and Lady Ridgeway sailed for England yesterday after great fêtes had been held in their honour.

Owing to inability to compete with the United States Steel Trust, the Dominion Iron and Steel Company of Canada has given notice of reduction of wages to all its employés.

Law and Police Courts.

Two thousand pounds damages were awarded Professor Bayliss against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge in the vivisection libel case.

Sir George Lewis, the great lawyer, says in a letter to Mr. Velverton, who is moving in the Edalji case, that he is sure the conviction was a miscarriage of justice.

At the Old Bailey, yesterday, a Roumanian was charged with theft. Mr. Rentoul, K.C., remarked that all the man could do in England was steal, die in the streets, or go to the workhouse. The man was ordered to be sent back to Roumania.

Five Armenians were charged at Manchester yesterday with blackmailing Abdullah Elias, an Oriental. The case was adjourned.

A woman who was sent to prison at Stratford, E., yesterday, was said to have been in the West Ham Workhouse for thirty-three years.

THE LONELY PRINCESS.

Ex-Crown Princess of Saxony and Her Baby in London.

PATHETIC SCENE AT VICTORIA.

The roar and the rattle might be never so insistent, the engines might shriek never so shrilly, Victoria Station itself might be turned topsy-turvy, but nothing mattered to the baby so long as the sheltering, comfortable, and trusted arms of nurse held her in close and cosy security.

She only patted her handmaid affectionately on the face, and beamed with contentment when tenderly deposited among the cushions of a first-class compartment in the Portsmouth train.

In the meantime was being enacted a scene, most touching. The whole realm of sorrow has nothing more tragic to offer than a desolate woman, but none would have read in this woman's face—Princess Louise of Tuscany—anything of a story of suffering and woe that a short time ago called forth the sympathy of thousands and stirred the whole of Europe.

Bravery, far above the common sort, resignation and determination acting and re-acting, could alone have rendered possible her charming and outwardly light-hearted smile as she tripped gaily beside a pile of luggage, where was baby's bassinet and her own belongings. A maid and two nurses gravely took their places in the train, the courier made his final arrangements, and then came the last scene of all.

Leaning out of the window she took her farewell of the friends who had come to wish her "God-speed."

At last the guard blew his whistle, and as the train slowly moved away her squire, with the grace born of a courtier, swept his hat to the ground and fervently kissed the hand graciously extended to him.

A few months ago the Princess Louise of Tuscany, Crown Princess of Saxony, was a woman whose name was passed from lip to lip, whose story was the talk of the drawing-rooms and the tea tables. On December 12, 1902, accompanied by her brother, she left the royal palace at Dresden to join at Zurich her lover Giron. On January 9 she renounced all her rights, and the next month was divorced from her husband and children at Dresden. Then in May came the birth of her baby girl.

The ex-Crown Princess has taken up her residence at Alto House, Ventnor, where, for the benefit of baby, she will probably spend the winter.

NEW PANAMA CANAL TREATY.

The Little Republic to Receive Two Millions from the U.S.A.

The United States and the new Republic of Panama have already arranged the main features of the convention for the construction of the Panama Canal.

The United States, it is said, will obtain control of a zone five miles wide on each side of the canal. The islands in Panama Bay will be ceded to the United States for the purpose of fortification to protect the canal. The Panama Republic will receive a bonus of £2,000,000.

It is hoped (Reuter states) that Panama will allot part of this sum to Colombia in payment of its share of the Colombian debt, as the United States could not tender any sum direct to Colombia, lest it should be regarded in the nature of a bribe, or as a salve for the separation of Panama.

All the nations, it is expected, will recognise the new Republic.

From Washington Reuter reports that the relations between the United States and Colombia have entered a critical phase, the issue of which is awaited with some anxiety.

£25,000 FOR CHARITIES.

Various charities, including the National Lifeboat Institution and the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, are likely to benefit to the extent of £25,000 of the will of the late Mr. Thomas John Bell, of 7, Heathcote-street, Mecklenburg-square. Mr. Bell left estate of the gross value of £61,000.

The late Sir Thomas Morel, of Cardiff, left £304,670. Lady Morel, the widow, receives an annuity of £2,000.

THE ROYAL VISITORS.

Queen Elena's Joyous Day
Taking Snapshots.

THE STATE BANQUET.

Speeches of King Edward and the
King of Italy.

A long day in the open, followed by the State Banquet at night—such was the programme of our royal visitors at Windsor yesterday.

King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Elena are early risers. They breakfasted tête-à-tête in their own private apartments, and the King had gone through a mass of official and private correspondence before their royal hosts called on the two distinguished visitors and bade them good-morrow.

The first item in yesterday's programme was a visit to Frogmore, and King Victor Emmanuel must have thought of the sarcophagus in the Roman Pantheon, holding the remains of his own gallant sire, as he deposited a wreath on the tomb of Queen Victoria.

It was a wonderful day for a shooting party; and from 10.30 to eleven o'clock the guns rang in the coverts. Then King Victor Emmanuel, following a number of interesting precedents, planted a tree in the royal demesne.

More shooting followed. What time Queen Elena had climbed the Round Tower at the Castle to enjoy the magnificent view—winding river, the old feudal town, and green meads rich in cattle and pasturage.

The two Queens and Princess Victoria drove through the park in time to join the "guns" at luncheon, and a merry party they were as they sat in the Cranbourne Tower inhaling the keen scent of the wet bracken.

To them entered, as in duty bound, the royal photographer; and now King Edward lent a hand in earnest. It was he who posed the groups, getting his way with the delighted photographer, whose pretty taste for a sylvan background had to yield before the King's demand for a background of old grey wall and crumbling Cranbourne Tower. And they must stand, said King Edward, when chairs were brought; the two Queens, the two Kings, and the Prince of Wales in the centre. And so it was.

Photography, however, was by no means at an end, for Queen Elena had brought her hand camera and surprised her royal hosts with various unexpected shots. The Prince of Wales walked backwards for her, "like a Lord Chamberlain," as he laughingly put it.

The ladies now dismissed photography, and followed the shooting party, nor were they to be discouraged by some pretty hard walking. Up hill, down dale they went, holding out dainty hands when they came to the little streams that cross the forest, or similar impedimenta. The old woods rang with their chatter; with their laughter and gay notes of delight. They surprised rabbits and lurdly pheasants; emerging on tribes of scampering bunnies, oblivious to their royalty and the backward motions of lord chamberlains.

On the public roadway, deferentially fringed by groups of rapturous onlookers, a royal carriage waited for the two Queens and the Princess. Here they embarked for the Castle—ruddy, eyes sparkling, the picture of health.

The "guns" remained behind, securing a heavy bag that included a fine red deer which had crossed the line of fire.

THE STATE BANQUET.

Magnificent Scene Last Night in St.
George's Hall.

Queen Elena and her King rested for a couple of hours before making ready for the state banquet.

About nine o'clock they descended, and joined King Edward and Queen Alexandra, receiving their 160 guests in the Grand Reception Room, abutting on the great St. George's Hall, the scene of last night's banquet.

In the festal hall the scene was one of royal splendour. In women and brave men, under the clustered lights, lent a blaze of cunningly set jewels, the shimmer and the colour of radiant gowns, the gay red and gold and blue of uniforms, to the hue and radiance of the central constellation—King Edward, with the Queen of Italy on his right, facing the King of England and Queen Alexandra.

The menu, printed on plain white cards, with the crown and royal cipher at head, in gold lettering, was as follows:—

Consommé Victor Emmanuel III.
Mousse de Melans à la Dioppeio.
Cailles poelées à la Diane.
Selle royale à la Milanais.
Jambon Braisé au Champagne.
Fouillades truffées à la perigord.
Salade de légumes à l'italienne.
Asperges d'Argentine Sauce Mouseline.
Mille feuilles Mont Blanc.
Canapes de Caviar à la Russe.
Brouettes Garnies de Glaces à la Parisienne.
Faites friées Fondantes.

15th November, 1903.

In the galleries at the end of the great hall the splendid music of the Coldstream Guards

Band alternated with the softer strains of Herr Gottlieb's Viennese violins. Following royal example, the company was animated, vivacious, and appreciative, falling into an attentive silence as King Edward drank to the Italian King and Queen and King Victor Emmanuel responded.

KING EDWARD'S SPEECH.

King Edward, in proposing the health of the King and Queen of Italy, said:—

"Sire, it has given the Queen and myself great pleasure to receive you here as guests in this old historic castle. History repeats itself. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, that your illustrious grandfather, forty-eight years ago, came here as the guest of my beloved mother and my lamented father. At that time we were at war, and our armies fought together. Thank God we are now at peace, and the aim of our countries is to maintain it, and to work together in the path of progress and enlightenment.

"I have not forgotten the kind and cordial reception given to me some months ago in Rome on the part of your Majesties and the Italian people; and I feel sure that to-morrow, when you pass through the streets of London, you will meet with a reception most gratifying to yourselves, and one which will give expression to the hearty feeling of friendship which my people desire to evince towards you and your country.

"Let me now drink to the health of your Majesties; and, again thanking you for staying with us, I wish your Majesties, your family, and your country, all prosperity and happiness."

KING OF ITALY'S REPLY.

The King of Italy, in proposing the toast of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, said:

"The memories referred to by your Majesty will live in my heart and in the hearts of all Italians. Since that historic and eventful period which led Italy to unity and rendered England always greater and more powerful the feelings of sympathy and friendship which united the two peoples have gone on increasing in force. For my people, they constitute a tradition. For my Government, they are important factors in their policy, which, like that of your Majesty's Government, is one of peace and civilisation. I thank your Majesty for the cordial welcome given to me and the Queen in this historic Castle, where everything breathes the glory of your ancestors and evokes the image of the great and regretted Queen Victoria, and I drink to the health of your Majesty, of her Majesty the Queen, and of the Royal Family."

The banquet over, King Edward entertained his guests in the great rooms of state. Outside the warmth and colour and effulgent glow the night spread an expectant darkness. In the city beneath, and in far cottages across the level meadows, folk watched the jewelled mass of the great Castle, throwing its beacon lights to the four points; festive and strong upon the great chalk hill that thrones the proudest stronghold that the hand of Englishman has raised.

GUESTS AT THE BANQUET.

The following is a list of some of their Majesties' guests at the state banquet:—

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Italy.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The Princess Victoria.

The Duke of Connaught.

Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) and the Duke of Argyll.

The Duchess of Albany.

Princess Margaret of Connaught.

Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught.

Princess Alice of Albany.

Their Highnesses Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and Prince Alexander of Teck, his Excellency Signor Tittoni, and the other members of the suites of the King and Queen of Italy.

The following Cabinet Ministers:—The Lord Chancellor, the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, the Earl of Selborne, Mr. and Mrs. Akers-Douglas, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Brodrick, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. A. Lyttelton, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold-Forster.

The following ex-Cabinet Ministers:—The Earl of Rosebery, Sir W. and Lady Vernon Harcourt, Mr. and Mrs. J. Chamberlain, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. J. Morley, Sir H. and Lady Fowler, Mr. H. H. and Mrs. Asquith, Sir Edward and Lady Grey.

The following received special invitations:—

The Duke of Buccleuch, Viscountess Churchill, Lady Tweedmouth, Viscount Milner, Sir Francis Bertie, the Speaker of the House of Commons, Major-General and the Hon. Mrs. Oliphant, Commodore Sir A. Berkeley Milne, Colonel C. Needham, Lord and Lady Walter Kerr, Sir John and Lady Fisher, Lord and Lady Grenfell, Sir T. Kelly-Kenny, Sir Ian and Lady Hamilton.

The Ambassadors of the various Powers were also present.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Louis of Battenberg were unable to be present.

LAST NIGHT'S SPEECHES.

Ex-Cabinet Ministers' Reply to
Mr. Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Colonial
Agents.

Speeches were made last night by two free food ex-Cabinet Ministers—Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton. The former addressed a meeting of the Edridge Habitation of the Primrose League at Thornton Heath, while Lord George Hamilton was presiding at the annual dinner at the Acton Priory Constitutional Club.

Mr. Ritchie dealt with the fiscal question almost exclusively from a personal standpoint. He first repudiated the suggestion that he had not obtained the King's consent before speaking of certain occurrences in the Cabinet. Then he defended himself against Mr. Chamberlain's charge that he had delayed declaring his opposition to the new policy until the day before the Budget was introduced, and so, as the "Times" said, "put his colleagues into a hole." The chief points of the speech were:—

Mr. Chamberlain's proposal was first made to the Cabinet in November, 1902.

Before Mr. Chamberlain left South Africa Mr. Ritchie expressed himself firmly against the proposal, and contributed to the Cabinet a written argument against it, dated November 14.

In March Mr. Ritchie told the Premier he could not prepare his budget till the question was decided one way or another.

After Mr. Chamberlain's return he told Mr. Ritchie he could not contend against the latter's opposition, though he was much vexed at the position Mr. Ritchie took up.

The Budget was settled on the 31st March—twenty-three days before it was introduced.

He was a free-footer, but had never said he would not be prepared under certain circumstances to adopt a policy of retaliation.

Lord George Hamilton said:—

"If fiscal reform" from a protectionist view and point were the dominant note of the next election a division must occur in the Unionist party.

A change of 10 per cent. in the opinions of those who formed the dominant party might easily result in a minority in an appeal to the country.

"AU REVOIR," NOT "GOOD-BYE."

There was no "sadness of farewell" in Mr. Chamberlain's leave-taking of the Colonial Agents' General yesterday at the Colonial Office. The note of this most interesting gathering was—as Sir Walter Peace, Natal's representative, put it—"Au revoir and not 'Goodbye.' The Agents, among whom the venerable Lord Strathcona was the chief figure, look forward to the time when Mr. Chamberlain will resume his late office. An interesting fact noted is that of those who welcomed Mr. Chamberlain on his taking office eight years ago, Sir Walter Peace alone remains as the representative of his colony.

It was a handsome tribute that Lord Strathcona, as the mouthpiece of the Colonies represented, paid to the ex-Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain's speech in reply was among his best recent efforts. He appeared much touched by the warmth of the references to himself, and spoke with the earnestness of conviction on his great aim of welding together the Empire. His chief points were:—

Absolute isolation was dangerous to Great Britain, and still more dangerous to the Colonies.

He had always recognised that whatever was done by the Colonies towards closer union must be done voluntarily.

He found that the ideas of a permanent Advisory Imperial Council and of a Council of Imperial Defence were not acceptable to all the Colonies.

He had found also that a Zollverein establishing practical free trade within the Empire was impossible for the present.

But the Colonies had offered a preference to British imports, and promised even greater concessions in exchange for a revision of our fiscal policy.

He had resigned his office in the hope, which was now almost an assured conviction, that he should be able to convince his countrymen of the advantage of such a policy.

THE "KISSI JAGAH."

A correspondent of the "Globe" furnishes an amusing story regarding the tunnel near Simla, where Lord Kitchener met with a serious accident last Sunday.

The locality is a favourite place for picnics. During the time that the late Lord William Berosford was Military Secretary to the Viceroy the rendezvous for one of these was the mouth of the tunnel.

"All the party had assembled except one couple. Their syces (grooms) were there, evidently expecting them, so, getting impatient, Lord William said to one of them, 'Where are the sahibs?' 'Khabar nabin, Hazaar! Kissi jagah men nowga.' (I don't know, my lord. They are somewhere or other.)"

At this moment the couple emerged from the tunnel. "Oh, here you are!" cried the genial 'Bil' "You were in 'Kissij jagah,' were you!" Confusion of the late comers, and the tunnel has ever since been called 'The Kissij jagah.'"

SHORT FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

ILLNESS OF THE TSARITSA.

The Empress of Russia, according to a report in the "Darmstadt Gazette," is suffering from inflammation of the ear, and accordingly is unable to travel.

INVALID'S BRIDGE PARTY.

The health of the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld showed a decided improvement yesterday. She was well enough to have a Bridge party in her bedroom and to take a hand herself.

PRINCESS WHO DIED OF TYPHUS.

The young Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, whose death was recorded a few days ago, is now officially declared by the medical men who made the post-mortem examination to have succumbed to abdominal typhus of a very violent type about a week after having contracted the disease.

THE £1,000 EAR.

The operation of grafting the ear of a volunteer upon an American millionaire, who had offered £1,000 for the sacrifice, was successfully performed at Philadelphia yesterday. The man who sold his ear is now lying bound to the side of the wealthy patient in a bed, where both must remain for twelve days.

ART BY THE TON.

The French Government is making great efforts to be well represented at the St. Louis Exposition. £8,000 is being spent in the erection of an exact copy of the Trianon, and it is said that 150 tons of works of art are to be sent to the United States—cubic tons, it should be understood. £20,000 are being spent for packing and freight alone.

NEW FASHION IN GLOVES.

A charming fashion has made its appearance on the Riviera, and gives the finishing touch to many pretty toilettes. White kid gloves, with soft gauntlets, are lined with kid of a contrasting colour as pink or pale blue. The cuffs are then turned back so as to expose an inch or two of lining, which of course harmonises with the general colour scheme of the costume and gives a dainty finish.

RECORD-BREAKING AMERICAN GIRLS.

The American girl has now turned her attention to lowering athletic records. Her greatest ambition has been to reduce the Vassar College hundred yards' sprinting record of fourteen and two-fifths seconds. Our New York correspondent telegraphs that Miss Sophomore, of Wellesley College, has just run the distance in thirteen and one-fifth seconds.

NEW GAMBLING RESORT.

A rumour is current at Aix-la-Chapelle that the gambling club which was opened on August 15 in the neutral territory of Moresnet, and closed on September 2, is to be transferred to Corfu as the result of an agreement between the Belgian and German Governments. The club had a short and a merry life for eighteen days at the place of its foundation, and if established at Corfu it will pay about £40,000 annually to the Greek Government. The rumour states that the privilege has been granted for thirty-six years.

THE TRIALS OF AN EMPRESS.

The terrible anxiety of the German Imperial family over the Kaiser's recent illness is vividly pictured by the "New York Herald." The polypos was discovered two months ago, and the anxiety and fear of the Imperial family lasted till they were reassured by the microscopical examination. The Empress suffered an agony of suspense, and was so exhausted that it was the cause of her not going to Darmstadt.

The Kaiser, who looks much better since the operation, reads a good deal at present. He likes historical criticisms, but is more than ever interested in his medical books. He goes to bed early, and works as much as usual. The Empress and Princess Victoria Louise never leave his side.

DEMOCRACY IN EXCELLENCE.

Everyone remembers how M. Camille Pelletan, the very unconventional Minister of Marine, recently led to the altar a pretty young Government school teacher who had conquered the hearts of the most ardent Parisians, in allusion to his rather neglected appearance, call "le grand non-lavé."

Madame Pelletan is determined to show that she is at least as republican in sentiment as her husband. The "Municipal Bulletin" yesterday announced, to the great interest of ladies in Government circles, that Madame has not resigned her scholastic position, but is only on congé. This shows her evident intention to resume teaching work whenever her husband leaves office.

BUSINESS ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Very much more confidence was seen on the Stock Exchange yesterday than in fact it took many of the old observers thought that the markets were over-confident for bankers did not like the extent of the credit borrowings for the Government in the form of Treasury Bills, and they were disposed to think that money fears might be discussed again before long.

After a special issue of historic receipts for our Home Railways, yesterday's figures were comparatively satisfactory. Home Rails were most helped by the generally firmer tone of the market, and especially the buying of Argentine Rails continued merrily. It was also interesting to notice that the New York Stock Exchange in the afternoon. Argentine Railway traffic again made a very remarkable showing. In the South African Mining Market it was noticeable that most of the noise was made by strong-lunged dealers, who are in close connection with the finance houses, and who shouted themselves hoarse in bidding up prices.

THE VIVISECTION VERDICT.

Jury's Decision Received with Loud Cheers.

£2,000 Damages Against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge.

The action brought against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge for alleged libel and slander contained in a speech delivered at an anti-vivisection meeting held in St. James's Hall concluded yesterday before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury.

After several witnesses had testified to the efficacy of the anaesthetics administered to the dog that has figured so prominently throughout the case, the Hon. Stephen Coleridge himself gave evidence.

He had asked the two Swedish ladies whose statements formed the bases of his charges against Dr. Bayliss to postpone the publication of their book "The Shambles of Science," till he had addressed the St. James's Hall meeting, as he wished his allegations against the plaintiff to appear in the light of independent and first-hand evidence.

He believed the two Swedish ladies implicitly, but he was hardly inclined to believe any defence that might be put forward by Dr. Bayliss, whom, therefore, he had not approached before addressing the meeting at St. James's Hall.

He had not himself investigated the statement made by various art students that "shrieks of agony" arising from the animals kept at University College could be heard at the Slade School. He had taken these "shrieks" for granted. He was not a painter, he had not studied at the Slade School. "For the purpose of word-painting such studies might be useful," suggested Mr. Rufus Isaacs, causing laughter.

Mr. Coleridge also admitted that he had sent letters to a number of London incumbents for the purpose of preventing people from subscribing to the Hospital Fund.

The Lord Chief Justice then brought the jury back to the matter at issue. They had nothing to do with the question as to whether vivisection was right or wrong; for vivisection was not only considered by the law of the land to be right, but was safeguarded by very important considerations in the interest of humanity. They had to discover whether Dr. Bayliss had, or had not, broken the existing laws.

After deliberating for close on half an hour, the jury returned into court with a verdict of £2,000 damages for Dr. Bayliss.

The Lord Chief Justice confirmed this verdict, with costs accordingly, amid a perfect tumult of applause and cheering.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Senseless Extravagance of a Handsome Young Criminal.

A striking story of extravagance leading to fraud was told at the Old Bailey yesterday, when Allan Claude Weller, a handsome, well-connected young army student, was sentenced to fifteen months' hard labour for misappropriating £2,800 entrusted to him for investment.

Weller had recently entered the Woolwich Royal Academy, where he made the acquaintance of many young men richer than himself, and attempted to vie with them in extravagance. He made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Murphy, wife of a major, living in a flat in Victoria-street, who consulted him as to investing her money. He persuaded her to buy mining shares, and she first entrusted him with £1,000, with which he bought a motor car. Other sums, amounting to £1,800, he spent on electric launches, horses, and other expensive luxuries. When Mrs. Murphy began to grow suspicious Weller ran away to Ceylon.

The Recorder told him that but for his youth—he is only twenty-two—the sentence would have been one of penal servitude.

DUST FALLS AS RAIN.

Many people in the South of England were astonished and even alarmed when, on February 21 and 22 of this year, showers of a fine yellow dust fell as from the clouds like rain.

This dust-fall was the subject of addresses delivered last night by Dr. H. R. Mill and Mr. R. G. K. Lempert, at the opening meeting of the session of the Royal Meteorological Society.

Dr. Mill said that in most cases the dust fell in the form of a yellow haze, like a London fog, and lay thickly on trees and housetops.

Mr. Lempert traced the currents of air prevalent on the days of the fall to the Azores, and thence to the north-west coast of Africa. This made strong evidence that the dust was African, that it started on February 19, and that it was not attributable to the eruptions in the West Indies.

WHAT TRAVELLERS FORGET.

It is easy to understand that 2,000 umbrellas are left behind in the carriages of a great railway company in the course of a year.

Everyone is apt to forget an umbrella. But who are the people who leave their boots, their blouses, and even their bloomers? At the Great Northern's annual clearance sale, coats, 277 shirts, 166 blouses and bodices, sixty-eight night garments, 200 aprons, seven pairs of bloomers, and two stuffed fishes.

THE IRON HAND OF FASHION.

Ladies Listen with Sighs to a Denunciation of Corsets.

That it is utterly impossible to combine the present fashions with a healthy and artistic style of dress was the conclusion arrived at by Mrs. Matthews in a lecture on "Health in Relation to Clothing," at the Women's Institute yesterday.

The lecturer drew an appalling picture of the evils of corset wearing. The expansion of the chest should be from three to six inches," she said, "and this is impossible with the present style of dress, as the shape of the fashion of to-day necessitates rigidity."

A sound of sighing passed through the room as each of the 150 women present drew a deep breath in the hope of refuting the speaker.

To point the ill effect of compression on the heart, Mrs. Matthews said that a girl who performed a certain exercise when her waist measured twenty-five inches increased the beats of her heart sixteen per minute when performing the same exercise laced to a twenty-four-inch waist.

"A woman may have the right to say how she shall clothe herself, and if she may wear high heels and cultivate a sixteen-inch waist or not; but she has no right to run the risk of injuring the future generation," concluded Mrs. Matthews, and sat down amid much applause.

"It is the iron hand of fashion that prevents women adopting an artistic style of dress," declared a rationally garbed woman, who, in the discussion that followed, conceded she was "provincial," and sagely added that "no woman cared to be different—even prettily different—to her friends."

"Well, I haven't heard all the lecture," said a matron sharply, as the audience was dispersing for tea, "but what I did hear was mostly nonsense! Every woman must dress according to her peculiar style. You cannot hang garments on sloping shoulders."

LORD DUDLEY'S POPULARITY.

Irish Peasant Proprietors Present Him with Game Rights.

The somewhat famous Rockingham estate, in the west of Ireland, is to be sold to the tenants under the new Land Act; and the arrangement, which was concluded yesterday, has given rise to a remarkable occurrence.

This fine estate, situated in the County Roscommon, who may be recalled by Parliamentarians of the 'seventies as a handsome man of magnificent physique, one of the three tallest men then in the House of Commons. The mansion, which is approached by a broad, straight, and lovely avenue half a mile in length, shaded by immense trees, whose foliage interlace, was often mentioned as a possible royal residence. Latterly it has been tenanted by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland and Lady Dudley; and hereby hangs the remarkable incident of the sale.

The tenants who are becoming purchasers unanimously decided yesterday that the game rights should be reserved to the landlord, in the interest of the Viceroy. Surely no more interesting indication of their goodwill and his Excellency's popularity could be afforded. The price which the tenants are paying is equal to twenty-two years' purchase on the gross annual rental of £18,000.

SCENE OF PLEASANT MEMORIES.

The little bijou theatre facing the Royal Artillery Parade Ground at Woolwich, which was destroyed by fire early yesterday morning, is better known to ladies on account of the day concerts given by the R.A. Band, followed by tea near a fire-place in the mess-room, than on account of the evening plays.

The theatre, which was formerly used as the garrison church, is a very old structure. Its destruction took only an hour, and the fire spread to the adjoining reading-rooms and billiard rooms facing Woolwich common. Excelsior's seriously threatening the quarters of the officers and men. When the alarm was given troops turned out in thousands, and helped in checking the spread of flames.

To-Day's Arrangements.

Movements of the Court.

The King and Queen attend the Irish Industries Association Exhibition and Sale at the White Hart Hotel, Windsor.

The King and Queen of Italy hold a reception at the Embassy, 11.30, and afterwards visit the City of London. Banquet at the Guildhall, 2.

State performance of "David Garrick" in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor Castle by Sir Charles Wyndham, Miss Mary Moore, and company.

To-day's Weddings.

Mr. Barton Crozier, Royal Field Artillery, and Miss Ethel Humphrys, elder daughter of the late Mr. W. Humphrys, J.P., and Mrs. C. U. Sandys, of Ballyhaugh House, County Cavan, at Dublin.

General.

Lord Aberdeen presides at Mr. Churton Collins's last lecture on the "Poetry and Poets of America," at the Polytechnic, 3.

The Bishop of Stepney speaks on "Church Work in East London" at a drawing-room meeting, 2, Hyde Park-street, 3.

Racing.

Race for the Derby Gold Cup.

AN AMAZING JOURNEY.

Round the World on Foot and Without Money.

A young Bulgarian has arrived in Manchester who is making a tour of the world under extraordinary conditions. He has undertaken to visit nearly every country on earth, taking no money and travelling on foot. He must only use a steamer for crossing the sea or wide rivers and lakes, and must swim unbridged river less than sixty yards wide. He carries with him two bladders to help him on such occasions.

The traveller, whose name is Oscar Radvaner, left Bucharest on July 16, 1900, being then only seventeen. He went through Western Russia, and in St. Petersburg had an interview with the Tsar, receiving from the Imperial hand a passport for Siberia. In that desolate country, says the "Manchester Guardian," he suffered much from cold and hunger. With money in his pocket he was on one occasion four days without food fit for a human being, and he walked for twenty-eight days without seeing anything that could be called a village or town.

He reached Peking, and then struck south for Shanghai, whence he made his way over the Himalayas to India. Through Afghanistan and Persia, he came on to Asiatic Turkey, and thence to the Balkan Peninsula. At Krushevo he was taken prisoner by the Macedonian insurgents, and was only liberated after sixteen days of very disagreeable treatment. From Macedonia he made his way through Bulgaria and Serbia, and was in Belgrade when the King and Queen were murdered. In Germany he had an audience of the Crown Prince, and he hopes in London to be received by the King.

His future itinerary includes a walk through Africa from north to south, a tour through South America, and a return thence to Quebec, the goal of his journey.

A MUNICIPAL MONKEY.

"Chip" the monkey, chief pride of the Southwark Zoo located in the churchyard of St. Peter's, Walworth, has gained a notoriety which he does not appreciate, since he absolutely refused to be interviewed yesterday, remaining behind the sackcloth curtain of his dormitory in spite of all efforts to lure him forth.

"Chip" has long enjoyed undisturbed the dignity of being London's only municipal monkey. Several years ago, owing to the efforts of the Rector of St. Peter's, the Southwark Council converted the churchyard into a playground for the children of the district, and installed the nucleus of the Zoo which now consists of a flourishing family of rabbits, several guinea-pigs, a cageful of pigeons, and a large brown owl.

Even a monkey must eat, and the bill for his meals of potatoes and apple ragout was in due course presented to the Borough Council. The auditor has surcharged the amount, and the fate of the monkey trembled in the balance when one arose to plead for him with the Local Government Board.

Luckily, the Local Government Board proved larger-hearted than the Borough auditor, and the charge was remitted. "Chip" is therefore now legally installed as municipal monkey.

AN ESTATE WORTH A MILLION.

One of London's largest, most valuable, and fashionable residential estates, came under the hammer yesterday and will again be submitted to auction to-day, at the Great Hall, Winchester House.

The unique freehold estate of Lord Kensington in the Earl's Court district of the Royal Borough, is being sold by Messrs. Walton and Lee. The lots to be offered comprise Edwards and Pembroke squares, the greater part of Kensington-crescent, and important portions of Earl's Court-road, Warwick-road, and Pembroke-road.

The value of the whole of the property now being sold is put at £1,000,000. An area comprising the whole of Leonard-place, parts of Earl's Court-road, and one side of Edwards-square, with a total rental of £7,703 and a ground rent of £604, was bought for £64,500. The first bid was one of £20,000.

SHORT HOME TELEGRAMS.

THE RECENT MOTOR-CAR ACCIDENT.

The three-year-old child knocked down by Mr. D'Oyly Carter's motor-car on the Portsmouth Road at Long Ditton last Sunday is making satisfactory progress towards recovery. Mr. Carter has sent down a trained nurse to attend to her.

THE QUEEN WINS POULTRY PRIZES.

The King's Lynn Fur and Feather show was honoured with a royal exhibitor, who proved also a royal prize-winner, her Majesty the Queen being successful in each of the three classes in which she exhibited. These were for bantams; her Majesty being awarded two first prizes, one second prize, one third prize, and two other royal exhibits were reserved. Mr. Gibson Bowles, M.P., opened the show.

MOAT FARM AND THE RAILWAY COMPANY.

The notorious Moat Farm at Clavering will be put up to auction to-day. Since the conviction of Dougal crowds of people have gone far out of their way to pay a visit to this lonely spot, and even now the traffic in sightseers is by no means ended. The advertisements of the Great Eastern Railway Company included one of the Moat Farm, and among its attractions, probably owing to a lack of official humour, was stated to be that of "shooting."

FOURTEEN CHILDREN.

An almost incredible story of infant mortality in one family was told yesterday at an inquest held at Dartford on the body of a child. The mother said that she had been married three times, that she had had fourteen children, and that all of them, with the exception of two, who are now living, had died before they reached the age of three months. Few will disagree with the coroner, who said that it was a remarkable case, and that something must be wrong somewhere.

FARM STOCK PERISH IN A FIRE.

The farm of Codham Hall, near Brentwood, the seat of Colonel Whittington, C.B., was the scene of a great fire on Tuesday night, when all the farm buildings, forty tons of oil cake, and much farm produce were destroyed. The saddest and severest loss, however, was that of eleven pedigree horses and four head of fine cattle. The unfortunate beasts could not possibly be rescued. Colonel Whittington himself, with the utmost difficulty and at great risk, just being able to rescue a horse and a cow.

MRS. KENDAL'S NEW PLAY.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will produce at Manchester to-morrow an original play in three acts by Mr. Ernest Henrich, entitled "Dick Hope." The cast will be as follows:

Major Richard Hope Mr. Kendal.
John Hemming (the vicar of Myrtledene) Mr. Frank Penton.
Gilbert (his younger brother) Mr. Ernest Henrich.
Reginald Lillithwaite (his curate) Mr. Frank Penton.
Jephson (servant at the vicarage) Mr. M. Rutherford.
Gwendoline Giles (Marjorie's adopted daughter) Miss Mary Jerrold.
Clara Hope (the Major's sister) Miss Lola Duncan.
Henrietta Turpin Miss A. B. Tapping.
Marjorie Lyall Miss Henrietta Kendal.

THE CHAMBERLAIN CLOCK TOWER.

When Mr. Chamberlain returned from his progress through South Africa his constituents in West Birmingham decided to mark his triumph by the erection of a permanent memorial in the division. Nearly £400 was raised by subscription among the electors, and a handsome clock tower has been erected on land given by the owners in a conspicuous part of the constituency. The work will be completed in three or four weeks. Mrs. Chamberlain has promised to unveil the memorial and start the clock.

AN EDINBURGH MYSTERY.

An unenviable notoriety has been cast suddenly upon Duddingston Loch, a well-known sheet of water on the outskirts of Edinburgh, and lying just at the foot of Arthur's Seat. Until within the last fortnight no living man had ever heard of this loch having been the scene of a suicide. But in the last ten days it has been the place where three persons have been drowned. The latest case was only discovered yesterday, when the body of Miss Louisa Macpherson, an attractive young Edinburgh woman, a restaurant keeper, who so mysteriously disappeared ten days ago, was recovered from the concealing waters.

DERBY RACES.

The county enclosure at Derby yesterday was filled by well-known faces in the turf world, including a large company from Fitzwilliam House, but the Duke of Devonshire, who is present to see his horse Cheers win, it was generally anticipated that the son of Perseus would be reserved for the Derby Cup to-day, when, acting on instructions, Goodwin, the Duke's trainer, brought the colt out yesterday with satisfactory results. Another success recorded with Cheers was the victory of Mr. L. de Rothschild's Bass Rock in the Chesterfield Nursery.

Madden now leads Lane in the winning list by three.

Results of the racing:—
Race. Winner. Rider. Price.
Drakelow (9) ... Liberation ... Griggs ... 6 to 2
Stainbury (11) ... Sirdar ... Hare ... 100 to 8
Chesterfield
Nursery (11) Bass Rock ... Cannon ... 6 to 1
Breadthall (15) ... Wild Lad ... Madden ... 5 to 6
Marketon (13) ... Cheers ... Trigg ... 10 to 1
Doveridge Sts. (9) Karakoss ... Halsey ... 5 to 2
(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of runners.)

To-day the Gold Cup is set for decision. Farman maintains his position at the head of the quotations, and Ypsilanti made an advance from "10's" to "8's." O'Donovan Rossa or Robert le Diable may win. Other fancies—Quarndon Plate—Country Squire or Gold Lock; Friary Nursery—Boyce or Cossid; Chatsworth Plate—Be Fryer Wise or Duke of Magenta.

* Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.



A NOTABLE ADDITION TO THIS YEAR'S NOVELS.

BALZAC, some eighty years ago, set all the world a-talking concerning his daring story, "A Woman of Thirty." In those days the matron or maid who had reached her thirtieth year was supposed to have done with all sentimental complications; but the world has advanced greatly since then, and Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his remarkable study of provincial life, "Leonora" (Chatto and Windus, 6s.), sets out to prove, and, what is more, succeeds in proving, that a heroine of forty can be made quite as interesting as a girl in her teens!

Enter Leonora.

We are introduced to Leonora Stanway, the beautiful and clever wife of a great earthenware manufacturer, on her fortieth birthday. Though she is an apparently happy and contented wife, the mother of three girls, to whom she is tenderly attached, she is on this, to her, day of days well aware that she has missed something in life.

"The imminence and the arrival of this dire birthday, this day of wrath on which the proudest woman will kneel to implacable destiny and beg a reprieve, had induced the reveries natural to it. . . . But she did not feel like forty; at thirty she had not felt thirty; she could only accept the almanac and the rules of arithmetic. Her strength of will, of courage, of love, had never been taxed; only her patience. 'And my life is over!' she told herself, insisting that her life was over without being able to believe it."

Her House, Her Husband, Her Children.

The three daughters who completed the household are very cleverly indicated, each representing a familiar type of girl humanity. Rose, deficient in style, regarding her sisters as frivolous ninnies and gadabouts, is the serious member of the family; always studying hard with a view to passing examinations which she invariably fails to pass; Ethel, beautiful and domestic, in some ways her mother's own child; Milly, ruthlessly described as "the eternal unshamed doll, who twists men round her little finger, and smiles at them always with an instinct for finance."

Enter Arthur Twemlow.

But it is with Leonora, and not with her husband and children, that we are really concerned, and very soon we are introduced to the man who is to wake the latent romance in this woman of forty. Arthur Twemlow, though born and bred in Bursley—for he was the son of John Stanway's old partner—had been away from his native land twenty-five years, and the feelings of such an one on returning "home" are well described.

"This existence, which he thought he had utterly forgotten, returned again and triumphed for a time over all the experiences of his manhood; it alone seemed real, honest, defensible. Sensations of his long and restless career in New York flashed through his mind. . . . And during all those racing years of clangour and success, the life of Bursley, self-sufficient and self-contained, had preserved its monotonous and slow stolidity."

Their First Meetings.

Leonora is introduced to Twemlow by one of her young daughters who had already met him in the town. "Leonora liked his Americanism of accent and phrase; it seemed romantic to her; it seemed to signify the quick alertness, the vivacious and surprising turns of existence, in New York." As for him, "He was impressed by her beautiful maturity, by the elegance born of a restrained but powerful instinct."

They soon become curiously intimate, and very early in their knowledge of one another Twemlow says to her: "People say to me why don't you get married. But how can I get married? I can't get married by taking thought. They make me tired. I ask them sometimes whether they imagine I keep single for the fun of the thing. Do you know that I have never yet been in love—no, not the least bit."

Elective Affinities.

One subtle link between them is the fact known to him, and suspected by her, that he has a strong hold over her husband, who, as a matter of fact, had grossly cheated Twemlow's father in the days when the latter was still a lad. But as time goes on, though no word of love is spoken between them, the American becomes aware that he cannot strike Stanway without injuring the woman whom he now feels so near and so dear to himself, and accordingly he quickly makes up his mind not to press his claim, and instead to go back to America leaving his love unsaid, and no one suspects, then, or, indeed, ever, how matters had stood between them.

His Return and the Crisis.

And so Leonora's life slips back into its old groove. Then one evening, while chaperoning her

daughters to a ball, she suddenly sees Arthur Twemlow before her.

"At the top of the staircase they paused. They could hear the music faintly through closed doors. They had the precious illusion of being aloof, apart, separated from the world, sufficient to themselves and gloriously sufficient. Then someone opened the doors from within; the sound of the music, suddenly freed, rushed out and smote them; and they entered the ballroom. She was acutely conscious of her beauty, and of the distinction of his blanched, stern face."

The Crisis.

At last Leonora realises that she is in love, as she has never been before, and as she never thought to be. She is filled with pride to think that her image could have drawn this strong, shrewd, self-possessed man across the Atlantic. They meet one evening—she in her garden, and he in a meadow which is the other side of a low fence.

"Across the fence they clasped hands. And in spite of her great wish not to do so she clutched his hand tightly in her long fingers, and held it for a moment. And as she felt the returning pressure of his large, powerful, protective grasp, she covered—but in imagination only—his face, which she could shadowily see, with brave and abandoned kisses; and she whispered to him, but unheard, 'Admit that I am made for love.' She feared, in those beautiful and shameless instants, neither John, nor Ethel and Milly, nor even Rose. She knew suddenly why men and women leave all—honour, duty, and affection—and follow love."

The Renoucement.

But Leonora was not the woman to leave honour, duty, and affection. When Twemlow urges her to go back with him to America, she remembers her daughters. "She could not leave them; she could not forfeit the right to look them in the eyes without embarrassment."

And, then, while she is actually dipping her pen in the ink in order to write to her lover and tell him that he must go away and utterly renounce her, one of her daughters bursts into the room with the words, "Oh, mother, father's done something to himself. They're bringing him," and she learns with awe and terror that she is free at last.

THE LIST FOR THE LIBRARY.

CENTRAL ASIA AND TIBET (travel). By Sven Hedin. Hurst and Blackett.
THE WARS OF ONE MILLIONAIRE (a novel). By Oswald Crawford. Chapman and Hall.
FROM MY WINDOW IN CHELSEA (picturesque essays). By Ella Fuller Maitland. Smith, Elder.
THE CITY OF QUEST (romance). By D. G. and L. S. McCleary. Dent.

FROM OTHER PAPERS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SPEECHES.

The book edition of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches is described this morning by a contemporary as the "Book of the Hour." It is so striking.—"Globe."

A MAN'S FIRST LOVE.

Of all the loves of a man's life, the love which undergoes the least change is the love he has for his old school, and there is no call which sends a man's hand more readily to his pocket than an appeal made on behalf of the institution which tried to knock some learning into his head, and which, if it failed to do that, at least sent him into the great world disciplined and chastened, fit to hold his own as a gentleman amongst gentlemen.—"Sketch."

"ALL THE ILLS OF DAMP AND KOLD."

It is announced that winter has come to stay.—Daily paper.

This is winter "come to stay,"
Though you mightn't be aware of it.
Winter of an earlier day
(I myself have had my share of it)
Used to bring us frost and snow,
Checks—and noses, too—aglow.
Once we used to slide and skate;
Snow? The coaches used to stick in it.
Was our blood in sluggish state
Snowballing would serve to quicken it.
Now we get rheumatic pains,
While it rains and rains and rains!
—"Evening News."

REPLY TO THE "DAILY MIRROR." REFLECTIONS ON THE "MIRROR."

(A sum of £1,000 is to be divided among the writers of postcards containing the best suggestions for improving the *Daily Mirror*. We print some of the postcards which have reached Mr. Punch's offices by mistake.)

If the paper really were a mirror, I think that not only I, but many other ladies would buy it more readily. Could not a little piece of glass be let into the front sheet, or take the place of the "leading article?"
REFA.
Get a serial story by some well-known man, such as Joe Chamberlain, or even His Majesty.
A. P. WATT.

I should change the title. "The Mail's Wife" would be more attractive: neat, pleasing, and, I venture to think, epigrammatic, if not positively witty.
J. H. CHOATE.

THE HUMBUG ABOUT WOMAN'S LECTURES.

ARE THEY REALLY BENEFICIAL?

By FRIVOLA.

PEOPLE who have studied the middle and upper classes of society in England and America must have arrived at the conclusion that there is a thirst—an increasing thirst—for useful information and a strong desire on the part of the majority of people with leisure and presumably with brains for the improvement of their minds.

Why otherwise do people flock in thousands and pay guineas and half-guineas to hear lectures?

Big Lecturing Fees.

Fabulous prices are paid to lecturers of all sorts and sizes on every imaginable subject. Here, one would think, is lucrative employment for many educated and industrious persons. Mr. Brown receives fifty guineas to talk for an hour and a half on the colour of beetles' wings. But then Mr. Brown has walked across Thibet in dancing pumps and his name is in all the papers.

Beetles' wings or frogs' legs are easy subjects to study up in the encyclopaedia. Armed with all the knowledge to be obtained about frogs' legs, let us suppose a would-be popular lecturer beards the lecture agent in his den.

"My dear sir or madam," he will say, "what have you done?" You gasp and reply, "I know all there is to know on—?" "Knowing does not matter. It is what you are, what you have done that matters," is the answer. "Are all the papers full of paragraphs about you?"

Does an interested public long to know the colour of your eyes or the name of your pet poodle? You have not been round St. Paul's in a balloon? Nor crossed the Sahara in a motor? Nor written a book which is not quite suitable for the 'young person'? Then I fear," says the agent, deprecatingly, "as he

bows you out, "that we can do nothing for you."

Curiosity the Motive.

It is a curious and melancholy fact that the large audiences which crowd the various halls pay their guineas and half-guineas to see some celebrity. The question asked among my lady friends who would not for worlds miss a lecture is not, What did he or she say? Was it interesting?—but, What was he or she like? and in the case of a woman lecturer, What did she wear?

When Nansen was lecturing in London I obtained at some inconvenience a ticket for a lady friend. Asking her some days later whether she had found the lecture interesting I was told: "I did enjoy it! We went into the room at the back and were introduced to him. He has beautiful blue eyes."

"But the lecture?" I asked.

"Oh, well, I did not stay long. They turned all the lights out, and those slides weren't exciting, so I slipped out early."

Madam Sarah Grand is a charming and amusing lecturer, but her lady admirers who crowd the gangways in spite of County Council regulations can rarely give an idea of what she talks about, though they are delighted to have seen her and to have known exactly what she wore.

If Lord Rosebery would Lecture.

I heard a man say the other day, "I'd give Lord Rosebery five hundred pounds a night if he would lecture." "Ah!" I said, "that would be interesting. What subject?" "The subject wouldn't matter. People would flock to see the man who somehow appeals to people's imaginations. And they'd pay, too." I was told triumphantly. "Are we not flocking to the Surrey Theatre on the 25th of this month to hear him? Could anything be duller than the fiscal question, on which, I believe, he is to speak?"

In this age of cheap books and informing newspapers there is really little room for the popular lecturer. For a few pounds anyone may provide himself with admirable textbooks on every possible subject. And certainly the satisfaction of what in most cases is mere idle curiosity can scarcely be called educational.



Actors at Court.

What a Command Performance at Windsor means.

of the royal servants, and even some of the leading tradespeople of the royal borough.

The royal house party, headed, of course by the King and Queen, are always seated in that portion of the Waterloo Chamber which would in an ordinary theatre contain the stalls. To-night Queen Elena will be at King Edward's right hand, while Queen Alexandra will be next his Italian Majesty. It is considered fitting that royal applause should alone be heard on such occasions, accordingly there are long intervals—it is whispered, somewhat trying to the players on the stage—when the wittiest sallies, the most brilliant epigrams, are received in comparative silence by the audience. The King, however, enjoys both the fun and the pathos displayed in a play, and no one laughs more heartily and with greater gusto at a good point that does our genial Sovereign.

The Great Reward.

At the conclusion of a State performance a pleasant reward awaits the players who have taken part in it, in the shape of a magnificent supper, at which their Majesties' temporary guests are joined by various members of the royal household, whose duty it is to see that everything is done to make the Thespians comfortable. Almost invariably the King sends for the chief player in order to congratulate him on his acting, and "on the admirable manner in which all the arrangements have been carried out." Even when the great evening has come and gone substantial souvenirs, taking the form of jewelled pins, brooches, and bracelets, further emphasise the royal approval, and such mementoes are exceedingly cherished by those on whom they are bestowed.

ACTORS WHO TRAVEL.

A theatrical correspondent writes:—The company rehearsing at His Majesty's for "The Darling of the Gods" feel sorely tried and tired imitating the little Japanese in their manner of walking and sitting down. The latter position as practised generally by the ancestors of our allies in the Far East had the advantage or disadvantage of combining the sitting and kneeling posture. It might be considered a very careless attitude for anyone to pray in—and lazy people occasionally adopt it—but it certainly is not the most comfortable way to sit down.

It is a quaint sight to watch the people on the stage at His Majesty's this week, all of them in their ordinary walking clothes, kneeling on pillows during rehearsals. A little good-humoured complaint is to be heard now and then, and eager enquires as to the best remedy for house-maid's knees are being instituted.

IDEAL AUTUMN DAY.

OUT AND ABOUT IN LONDON
YESTERDAY.

45 and 46, New Bond-street.
Wednesday Evening.

There is nothing more surprising than the fact, which "Punch" has commented on, that the weather this month is really November weather, and that, too, without a trace of the fog one generally expects at this time of year.

To-day has been an ideal early winter day, with bright sunshine making everything look cheerful, and a great deal apparently going on, from the number of carriages and people coming and going about town.

Familiar Faces.

Lady Sarah Wilson was driving this afternoon, wearing some lovely sable furs; Lady Poltimore was in a closed carriage, and Lady Vincent and her daughter were together.

Lady Gerard and Miss Ethel Gerard were driving in Bond-street, the latter wearing a becoming red hat. There were a great many people coming out of Prince's Restaurant, which was very full at lunch-time, and among numbers of men were Lord Lathom, Lord Temple, and Mr. Patrick De Bathe.

At the Rinks.

Every day now there are more and more people at the skating rinks. Prince's is always full both in the morning and afternoon, and so is Hengler's, where to-day there has been a large number of interesting people both skating and looking on. Lady Helen Vincent, very darkly dressed, was skating, and so was one of the Miss Wilsons, and Miss Mabel Harrison, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Syers; while Mrs. George Cornwallis West, in black with an orange-coloured toque, was having tea in the gallery above.

Another Royal Party.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are leaving town on Saturday for Chatsworth, where they will be the guests for a few days of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire.

Movements.

The Duchess of Westminster, who has been staying at Eaton Hall for some time, has returned to Grosvenor House.

The Duchess of Buckingham and Lord Egerton of Tatton have returned to Tatton Park, Knutsford, where they intend to do some entertaining.

Lord Dunraven, who has arrived in town from Adare Manor, is shortly leaving for the Mediterranean, and will be abroad for some time.

Lady Castlereagh, who has been staying lately at Wynyard Park, has returned to town this week, and will stay at Londonderry House.

There was plenty going on in town to-night. At the Carlton Hotel there were a number of dinners, including Sir Charles Metcalfe just back from South Africa, as well as Lady Erroll and Prince Belosselsky, who were entertaining. At the Lyric the Grand Duke Valdimir of Russia, with a small party, including Captain Seymour Fortescue, occupied one of the boxes.

The Harrow School Land Purchase Fund has been headed by Lord Rothschild and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, who have each given a thousand pounds, while Lord Ridley has contributed five hundred pounds.

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Duchess of Albany and her daughter Princess Alice went yesterday to Windsor to spend a few days with Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge. On Saturday they are going to spend the week-end with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Randall Davidson.

Lady Limerick is very busy with the charity concert she is organising next Saturday in aid of Barrington's Hospital, Limerick. She will contribute some of her clever pianoforte recitals, and her pretty little children, Lady Victoria Pery (who, by the way, is a god-daughter of the Prince of Wales) and Lord Gwentworth are to dance Irish jigs.

Lady Rosmead, who has been very ill since she was in Ireland, the result of a chill caught at Cork Races, has been ordered to winter abroad, and is starting immediately with her little daughter, Nora. Lord Rosmead will remain in England for the hunting season.

Lady Dudley is very fond of old furniture, and has picked up some beautiful pieces of Sheraton whilst she has been in Ireland. She is also immensely interested in the chronicles and old characters and privileges accorded by King Charles I. to the Dublin Goldsmiths, and has collected some very delightful specimens of old Irish silver, including a potato ring, these rings being now extremely rare and valuable.

"The Manœuvres of Jane" is the play chosen by Mrs. William James and her sister-mother. Miss Muriel Wilson has joined the company, which also includes Lady Rodney

and Mr. Leo Trevor. The profits of each performance at Brighton and elsewhere will be given to different charities.

Before her marriage Mrs. William James was Miss Evelyn Forbes, sister of Sir Charles Forbes of Newe, Lady St. Oswald, and Mrs. J. B. Leigh, and niece of Georgiana Lady Dudley.

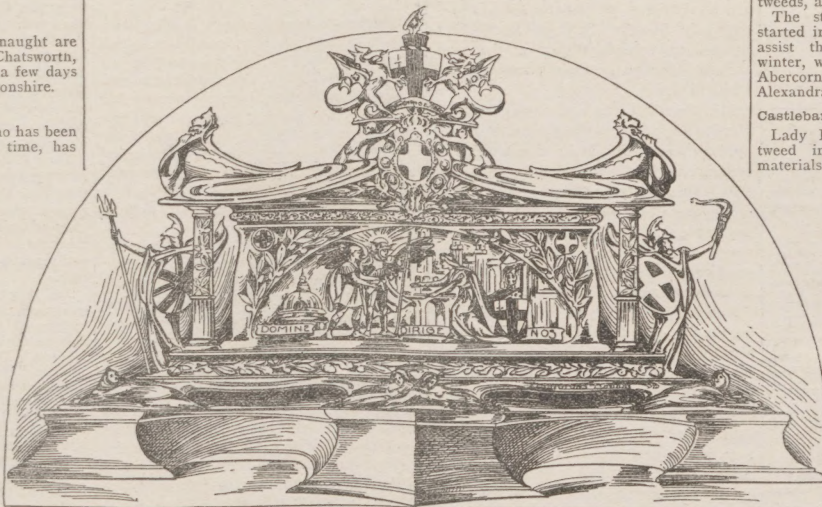
Sir Walter and Lady Lawrence, who have just arrived in town from India, have left a large circle of friends in Simla, Calcutta, and elsewhere to mourn their departure. It is exactly twenty-five years ago since Lord Curzon and Sir Walter Lawrence went to Balliol College, Oxford, and entered upon their long friendship. Lady Lawrence will be much missed, not only as the hostess of Observatory Lodge, but as Lady Curzon's constant help and companion.

The Chinese Minister intends next year to revive some of the faded glories of the Legation, and entertain. Richmond House is admirably adapted for large entertainments, for there is a spacious range of three drawing rooms all en suite on the first floor. There has not been a reception at the Chinese Legation since the days of Sieh-Tajen.

THE QUEEN A PATRON.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG
OPENS A SCOTCH BAZAAR.

St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, presented a brilliant scene yesterday afternoon, when Princess Henry of Battenberg opened a four days' bazaar in aid of the Samaritan Hospital.



THE GOLD CASKET CONTAINING THE ADDRESS TO BE PRESENTED BY THE CITY CORPORATION TO THE KING OF ITALY TO-DAY.

This Casket is made of 18-carat gold, and is represented by the artist as rising from the waves of the sea, supported by Water Nymphs. Upon the body of the Casket is an enamelled panel by Mr. Alex. Fisher, allegorical of the King's visit. It is designed by Mr. G. Haldiday.

for Women, a most deserving charity, of which the Queen is a patron.

The Princess was charmingly dressed in grey cloth embroidered in white, and wore a long grey coat and a black and steel toque; she was accompanied by her hostess, Lady Blythwood, in black and white, with a bunch of pink carnations, the badge of her stall; Lady Ure Primrose was in dark brown, while Lady Ailsa favoured white. Lady Inverclyde was dressed in black and white, and Lady Bell's large picture hat was most becoming.

Lady Frances Balfour was dressed in green with a white straw toque, and Lady Chisholm, who sold at the hospital stall, wore a uniform gown of blue with a white cap and apron.

To-day the bazaar will be opened by Lady Primrose; and to-morrow by Lady Ure Primrose; Lady Blythwood performing the ceremony on Saturday.

TO-DAY'S GUILDHALL BANQUET.

The following is the menu for the luncheon given to the King and Queen of Italy by the City of London at the Guildhall to-day:—

Tortue à l'Anglaise.

Timbale de Sables à la Russe.
Mayonnaise de Homard à la Crème.
Chaudroid à la Marinère.

Cailles en Caisse à la Strasbourgeoise.
Coelettes d'Agneau à la Moscovienne.
Mousses de Faisans aux Truffes.

Pâtés de Gibier à la Moderne.

Poulets Rôtis. Poulets en Bechamel.
Jambon de Cumberland.
Langue de Bœuf.

Gelée à l'Orange. Gelée à la Mandarine.
Crèmes à l'Italienne.
Bavarois des Fruits.
Pâtisseries à la Princesse.
Meringues du Roi.

Glaces. Desert.

TOASTS.

1. "The King, and Queen Alexandra." Proposed by the Lord Mayor.
2. "The King and Queen of Italy." Proposed by the Lord Mayor.
3. "The Lord Mayor and Corporation of London." Proposed by the King of Italy.

YESTERDAY'S WEDDINGS.

PLAYFAIR-HARVEY.—On the 18th inst., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, by the Rev. E. D. Harvey, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Dean of Worcester and Canon Page Roberts, Sir Patrick Playfair, C.I.E., to Miss Frances Sophia Harvey, eldest daughter of Mr. John Harvey, of Carnousie, Banffshire.

Sir Patrick Playfair, who was formerly a member of Council of the Viceroy and Governor-General of India, was knighted in 1897, the year of the Diamond Jubilee.

Miss Harvey, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely satin dress draped with exquisite English point lace, with a soft white velvet train. She wore a string of pearls with a diamond pendant, the gift of the bridegroom, as well as a spray of diamond heather, her father's gift.

There were two train-bearers, a little boy and girl, dressed in white, and six bridesmaids—Miss Christie Miller, Miss C. Harvey, Miss Margaret Christy, Miss Eastwood, Miss Mabel Sykes, and Miss Ruggie Price, the latter wearing the green silk stockings which have been the occasion of so much comment.

The bridesmaids' dresses were soft white silk with embroidery on the skirts; the only touch of colour about their costumes being the choux of orange velvet in their white hats, and their bouquets of mauve orchids. At their throats they wore the pearl and diamond brooches given by the bridegroom.

The reception was held at 5, De Vere Gardens, when among those present were Lord and Lady Playfair, the latter dressed in grey, Edith Lady Playfair, in black, accompanied by her husband, Mr. Fleming Crooks, and Lady Walker. Lady Martin, in dark blue, with chinchilla furs, brought Miss Martin, in white; Lady Kekewich wore black; Mrs. Boyle, who came with her husband, was in green; the Marquise de Beaumont wore a

IRISH INDUSTRIES SALE.

THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT THE
BAZAAR TO-DAY.

The exhibition and sale of Irish Industries, the opening of which at the White Hart Hotel at Windsor will be attended by the King and Queen, is a charity which, since its inception in 1886 by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, has increased more and more in prosperity, and has been widespread in the benefiting of the Irish industries.

That all the Royal Family have taken the deepest interest in the welfare of the association is evinced by the fact that two royal princesses, Princess Christian and Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, are selling at two of the stalls, those of the Dublin Depot and the Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund.

The wives of successive Lords-Lieutenant of Ireland have also been earnest in their support of the charity, both Lady Cadogan and Lady Dudley acting as president during their husbands' term of office.

Dublin Depot Stall.

To-day they are both selling at the Dublin Depot Stall, where also Lady Grosvenor and Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill are assisting.

Lady Londonderry, who is on the Sale Committee, is presiding over one branch of the London Depot Stall, that devoted to lace, at which her daughter, Lady Helen Stavordale, and Winifred Lady Arran are also helping.

Lady Bective, Lady Kilmorey, and Mrs. Alfred Harnsworth will sell embroidery and linen at another branch of this stall, while Lady Aberdeen, Lady Arthur Hill, and Georgiana Lady Downshire are presiding over the sections devoted to lingerie, tweeds, and carving.

The stall of the Baronesscourt industry, started in 1884 by the Duke of Abercorn to assist the cottiers on his estate during the winter, will be in charge of the Duchess of Abercorn, with Lady Wicklow and Lady Alexandra Hamilton.

Castlebar Industry.

Lady Lucan, who started the Castlebar tweed industry, is selling the beautiful materials made by the peasants in their own cabins, and Lady Waterford, who founded the knitting industry at Curraghmore, is being assisted by her mother, Lady Lansdowne, whose husband is also a large landowner in Ireland.

The beautiful work turned out at the Garryhill industry in Co. Carlow, will be sold by Lady Duncannon, who for many years herself taught the workers, assisted by her daughter, at her own residence, Garryhill House.

The Irish Distressed Ladies' Fund stall is being helped by Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll; the stall-holders being Lady Erne, Lady Margaret Hamilton, Lady FitzGerald, and Lady Henn Collins, assisted also by Lady Mary Howard, Lady Mary Crichton, and Lady Mabel Crichton.

The Royal Irish School of Art Needlework, whose stall is presided over by Lady Mayo, was founded sixteen years ago by Lady Cowper, and now gives employment to a number of ladies. Georgiana Maria Ponsonby.

The Killarney Furniture Industry has greatly developed under the able management of Lady Castlerosse, who presides over its stall.

Lady Fingall will look after the County Meath Home Industries, and several other interesting personages are assisting, including Lady de Ros, Lady Adelaide Tylor, Lady Ormonde, and Lady Dunboyne.

WEATHER AT THE WINTER RESORTS.

We have received the following reports from our special correspondents:—

46. Biarritz.—Fair, cool; maximum, 52; minimum, 46.

Caïro.—Cloudy; maximum, 70; minimum, 56; forecast: cold.

Cannes.—Brilliant sunshine; settled.

Monte Carlo.—Sunny, but colder; maximum, 57.

Naples.—Rainy and windy; temperature, 60.

Nice.—First night of frost; fine calm day; maximum, 54; minimum, 32.

San Remo.—Beautiful weather; temperature 50 at noon.

Bath.—Five hours' sunshine; cold wind; maximum, 54; minimum, 38.

Bournemouth.—Five hours' sunshine; maximum, 48; cold evening.

OUR BIRTHDAY LIST.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19.

"There's joy in happy memories."

Many happy returns to:—

Lady Mary Gathorne | Lord Stradbroke.
Hardy. | Lord Guilford.
Mrs. William Lowther.

Mrs. William Lowther is a daughter of the first Lord Wensleydale. She married in 1853 a brother of the third Lord Londale, and an uncle of the present peer. Their eldest son is Mr. James Lowther, M.P. for the Penrith Division of Cumberland.

Lord Stradbroke is a Suffolk land-owner, who married the beautiful daughter of the late General Keith-Fraser, the sister of the present Baronet.

LADIES AT HOCKEY.

Somersetshire ladies beat Dorsetshire ladies on the Recreation Ground at Bath yesterday by four goals (Miss Evans three and Miss (name one) two) Miss Chancellor and Miss Ponsonby. It was a bright and interesting game. Somerset's forwards were the cleverer, Miss May, Miss Nimmo, and Miss Evans being especially prominent. The half-time score was one goal to Somerset's favour to Dorset's nil. Splendid weather prevailed.

Colham yesterday beat Miss Taylor's team by five goals to one, after a fast game.

The following team has been chosen to represent Middlesex:—

Goal, Miss E. Brown* (Columbines and Harrow); backs, Misses E. Veal (Chilwick), Morgan* (Columbines and Richmond); halves, Misses Langridge* (Columbines), Cayley* (Rhyall), Parkin* (Columbines); forwards, Thomson (Rhyall and Bedford College), Eastman (Chilwick), Most (Greve School), Carver (Harrow), M. de Steiger (St. Quentin's).

Those marked * were in last year's XI.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TO-NIGHT, at 9.
Preceded at 8.30 by SHADES OF NIGHT.
MATINEE WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
Shakespeare's
KING RICHARD II.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
Box-office (Mr. F. J. Turner), ten to ten.—HIS MAJESTY'S.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
THE CONSUL'S BEACON.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 till 10.

COURT THEATRE. Mr. J. H. Leigh.
THE TEMPEST.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
MATINEES TUESDAY AND FRIDAY, at 2.30.
Box-office open 10 till 10. Telephone, 5,024 Westminster.
SPECIAL SATURDAY MATINEE, Nov. 21, at 2.30.

SHAFESBURY. Lessee, Geo. Musgrove.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN DAHOMEY.
The only real talk walk.
WILLIAMS AND WALKER.
IN DAHOMEY.

MATINEES WED. and SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY, 8.15.
MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER.—AUTUMN TOUR.—THIS WEEK, GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.
The run of OLD HELDREBERG will be resumed at the ST. JAMES'S on MONDAY, JANUARY 25.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD, MISSION TO EAST LONDON.

Miss JANOTHA
Has generously volunteered
To give a Performance of her
"AVE MARIA," at the
VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT
Given by
THE LADIES' ASSOCIATION,
on
THURSDAY, Nov. 26, at 4 p.m.,
at the
THE QUEEN'S GATE BALL, QUEEN'S GATE,
Consisting of
A SERIES OF TABLEAU VIVANTS,
and
THE PAGEANT OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.
Seats graduated throughout the Hall.
TICKETS ALL ONE PRICE, 7s. 6d.
To be obtained of Miss C. M. Phillimore, Shipshape House,
Hendon-on-Thames, Mrs. C. M. Phillimore, 115, Regent-street,
or at Queen's Gate Hall.

APOLLO SALON.
119, Regent-street, W.
APOLLO CONCERTS.
Winter Series.
THIS AFTERNOON, at 3.30 p.m.

APOLLO PIANO PLAYER.
THIS AFTERNOON, at 3.30 p.m.
Vocalist, Mr. STERLING MACKINLAY.
Accompanied by the APOLLO Piano Player.
For special Invitation Cards please apply to the Manager,
Concert Department, Apollo, 119, Regent-street,
London, W.

PERSONAL.

SILVER AND JEWELS bought for cash.—Catchpole and Williams, 510, Oxford-street London, W., are prepared to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount. Articles sent from the country receive immediate attention.

IN THE EVENT OF A CAB STRIKE THE
COUPE COMPANY WILL BE PLEASED TO SEND
THEIR COUPE BROUGHAMS, FITTED WITH
INDIARUBBER TYRES, TO MEET TRAINS AT ANY
OF THE RAILWAY STATIONS FOR SHOPPING,
THEATRES, DINNERS, ETC.

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THE CONNOISSEUR.
THE MAGAZINE DE LUXE FOR ALL CULTURED
PEOPLE.
ONE SHILLING MONTHLY.

THE NOVEMBER CONNOISSEUR,
with which is
PRESENTED FIVE CHARMING PLATES.
MAN'S HEAD. From a Painting by H. H. HALL.
MARCHIONESS OF TOWNSEND. From an Engraving
by THOS. CHALMERS. After ANGELICA KAUFF-
MAN.
NELL Gwynne. By SIR PETER LEVY. From the
Collection of EARL SPENCER. At ALBANY.
A MAN TRAP. Printed for CARRINGTON BOWLES.
COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN. From an Engraving by H.
T. RYALL. After E. T. PARRIS.
NOW ON SALE. PRICE ONE SHILLING.
At all booksellers.

CORSETS—DO NOT THROW AWAY
YOUR OLD FAVORITES, when properly repaired
they answer in every way the purpose of a NEW PAIR.
RENOVATING old corsets. We also COPY corsets extra-
in three days. An estimate is sent in every case, and if
not agreed to we return the corset to the owner.
J. ROSENBAUM and SONS, Corset Makers, 115, WEST
BOULEVARD, Grosvenor and branches. Corsets made to
measure in three days from 3s. 6d.
Please mention "Daily Mirror."

COAL. 16s. 6d.—UNQUALIFIED IN LONDON.
INLAND COLLIERIES SUPPLY COMPANY.
105, Paternoster-row, London. Office, 10, Cannon Street, London.
Inland Silstone 21s. 6d. | Best Kitchen 18s. 0d.
Best Brights 20s. 0d. | Cobble 16s. 6d.
Range Nuts 19s. 0d. | Coal (per sack) 1s. 3d.
All qualities special value; trial solicited. Tel. 779 K.C.

BIRTHS.

CRASTER.—On Nov. 14, at Rawal Pindi, India, the wife of Captain E. H. B. Craster, Royal Artillery, of a daughter.
FORSTER.—On the 16th inst., at 99, Barkston-gardens the wife of Commander R. E. Forster, of the Cannon Foundry, of a daughter.
HOSKINS-ABRAHAM.—On Nov. 9, at Whistley Combe, Herefordshire, the wife of Major J. Hoskings-Abraham, R.M.L.I.—a son.
NIBBET.—On the 17th inst., at 41, Hanover-terrace W., the wife of Harry Bruce Nibbet, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

BARTLETT-ANGOVE.—On the 17th inst., at St. Peter's Eaton-square, by the Rev. William Jovitt, Rect. of St. Peter's, a great uncle of the bridegroom, and the Rev. Henry Palmer, B.D., of Balliol, the Canon of Ely, the Rev. G. G. Wilkinson, of St. Peter's, Eaton-square, and Walter Balfour Bartlett, of St. Stephen's, Pinner, Surrey, to Gladys A. Angove, youngest daughter of Mr. William Collier Angove, of 23, Gower-street, S.W.
TAYLOR-COKE.—On the 17th inst., G. R. S. Taylor, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and the late Sir George Taylor, of Margery Hall, Reigate, Surrey, to Edith Isabel, eldest daughter of the late Sir George Taylor, of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law, and of Burnmore, Sutton, Surrey.

DEATHS.

CARSTAIRS-JONES.—On Nov. 15, at the Old Hall, Christleton, near Chester, Elizabeth Jane Carstairs-Jones, widow of John Carstairs-Jones, of Hartsheath and Gill, Glyn.
FOOTMAN.—On Nov. 16, at Notten House, Wraybury, Lancashire, Catherine, the wife of John Footman, of Notten House, and eldest daughter of the late James Footman, Esq., of Lancashire.
KINLOCH.—On the 14th inst., at Kilduff, Devon, Lucy Charlotte, wife of Alexander Kinloch, Bart., of Gilmerston, and eldest daughter of the late Sir George Abegromby Anstruther, Bart., of Balcaskie, aged 70.
MYRE.—On Nov. 16, at his residence, "Linton," Grays, Essex, Major John Smith, aged 71 years.

NOTICES TO READERS.

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The West End Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are:—
45 and 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONS: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:—"Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Tailbott.

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The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of England at the rate of 11d. a day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for one month on receipt of 3s. 9d.; for three months, 9s. 9d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for a year, 39s.
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months, 16s. 3d.; for six months, 32s. 6d.; for twelve months, 65s.; payable in advance.
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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editors of the *Daily Mirror* will be glad to consider contributions, conditionally upon their being typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Contributions should be addressed plainly to the Editors, *The Daily Mirror*, 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C., with the word "Contribution" on the outside envelope.

The Daily Mirror.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1903.

A WOMAN'S CANDIDATE.

By ROBERT MACHRAY.

IT is announced that a Mr. Hubert Sweeney, a young London school-master, has, after addressing the Woman Suffragists of the North on the questions in which they are particularly interested—especially Woman Suffrage itself—been selected to contest Wigan at the next General Election as their champion and standard-bearer.

Mr. Sweeney, it is understood, and inquiry at the offices of the Central Woman's Suffrage Association in London appears to confirm the idea, is coming forward, not with Woman Suffrage tacked on as a sort of supplement to Conservatism, Liberalism, or any recognised political "ism" as represented in the House of Commons, but as practically the sole "plank in his platform," as an American would phrase it.

And he has at least the distinction of being the first man to take exactly this stand. Heretofore, politicians belonging to both parties—or should it now be said all parties?—in Parliament, who advocated Woman Suffrage, fixed it on as a sort of postscript to their other "principles," regarding it, however, in the vast majority of cases, as not much more than a pious opinion. And, of late years, there has been nothing very conspicuous about their devotion to it. Their attitude towards it might be summed up in some such sentence as: They coquetted with it.

It would be a mistake to suppose that there is not a great deal of earnestness and even genuine enthusiasm in what is known as the Woman's Suffrage movement. The women of Wigan who endorse and support Mr. Sweeney's candidature—working women for the most part—are showing the sincerity of their convictions in the most decisive manner by clubbing their sixpences together to form a fund to fight the seat. The most determined opponent of the movement cannot but respect this unmistakable evidence of the depth of their belief, for to hard-working women every sixpence counts; he may find, perhaps, a certain touch of pathos in the smallness of the sums individually to be collected.

Not a few good women—some of the best women—are strongly in favour of the Woman's Suffrage movement. But it is equally true that the majority of women in all classes of society are either altogether opposed to it or absolutely indifferent to it. There is little doubt that there are instances where the absence of a vote in political elections is a distinct hardship, but taking the bulk of the population into account they are unquestionably rare. The great mass of our women think only of politics as it affects their men; they look at party questions through the glasses of their husbands, brothers, sons.

There was a period when the Woman's Suffrage movement seemed to be making greater headway than it has done lately. There were occasions when it appeared as if the House of Commons might consider the question with some approach to seriousness. But for some time past the impression has been that its advocates had somewhat lost heart and hope, as they have not been so much in evidence as formerly. It may be that this impression is not altogether justified, but, in any case, the candidature of

a sworn Woman Suffragist is an interesting fact not only in the world of women, but also in the world of men.

WHY NOT HOSPITAL WARDS FOR PAYING PATIENTS?

By ELSIE WATSON.

THERE is no more urgent work in hospital organisation than the introduction on something like an extensive scale of wards for paying patients. In this respect England has lagged behind her Continental neighbours, the while she has created a system for the treatment of the poor that need fear comparison with no country.

It is the rule in our great general hospitals that only free treatment be given. St. Thomas's does, indeed, possess a paying ward, but it can only accommodate some three score patients. Guy's and the London Hospital have nursing homes, but these names exhaust the list of paying wards in the congeries of densely-populated towns which we call London. This is apart from the hospitals for specific diseases which do make some slight provision for paying patients.

It is clear that the vast army of middle class people who are just able to pay their way are in sickness placed in a veritable quandary. Must they proclaim themselves paupers by seeking the shelter of a general hospital? There is, alas! no *via media* for such.

The least expensive private nursing home costs a patient anything from three to ten guineas a week. Ten thousand would be just as practicable for him. Even were he to risk being treated at home, payment of nurse and doctors' fees make a greater expenditure than he can face. And a more powerful deterrent than the expense exists in the knowledge that illness can never be so successfully coped with in a private house as in a hospital, with every appliance ready to hand for alleviating suffering.

These reasons often drive the self-respecting patient of moderate means to a hospital, and the continuance of the practice cannot fail to have a deteriorating effect on those who are able to afford some payment for benefits received.

Our friends across the Channel have long ago placed hospitals under Government control, and the greatest work that the French authorities have accomplished is their provision for those below the status of the "well-to-do." A municipal hospital containing over three hundred beds was established in Paris more than a century ago solely for the use of paying patients. There is an elastic scale of fees, the minimum being about thirty shillings per week, and the charge is inclusive, even to the surgical fees. This hospital, State subsidised as it is, is not utilised as a practising ground for the callow medical student.

Scandinavia, later in the field than France, has taken the hospital question in hand with the greatest success. The hospitals are self-supporting, and all patients are paid for. It is a veritable triumph of organisation. There is a variable scale of charges, and the minimum rate is that charged by the hospital to the local authorities for paupers sent to be treated.

The pressing problem of house room in our congested cities is at once rendered acute when sickness appears in the home, and therefore the time is ripe for serious consideration of this question so important to the classes, which by their half-way position seem to miss the advantages prepared alike for the very poor and the very rich.

A WOMAN'S DIARY OF THE WORLD.

NOVEMBER 19.—Not quite a woman's event, perhaps, is this to-day, and yet so feminine that one must jot it down. It was this day on which Lord Tennyson was made Laureate.
The night before the offer reached him, we wrote, the poet dreamed that Prince Albert came and kissed him on the cheek and that he said in his sleep, "Very kind, but very German." In the morning came the letter from the Queen.
Tennyson did not crave the dignity as we are told he craved the title. "I have no passion for Courts, but great love of W. privacy," he told a friend. Yet there was the £100 a year which even he could not lightly let go. And then comes this odd note in a letter. "I have been looking for an unfurnished house with good rooms for £20 a year or thereabouts. I expect an heir to nothing about next March or April. I suppose I must pay by a laureate's hire for him as Southey did."
And in the end, as he told his son, he accepted the honour because during dinner somebody told him that if he became Poet Laureate he would always, when dining out, be offered the liver wing of a fowl!

SLEEPY ENGLAND.

AN AMERICAN'S AMUSING COMMENTS.

WHAT I do like about London is that it is so historical and quiet and restful. I know that you English think it is a wonderful hubbub, but I can assure you that after New York London seems noiseless and peaceful. There is no hustle or bustle about London or the English.

Our Troublesome Farthings.

It takes a wonderful time to go shopping in England with your system of farthings. Now no nation that is not a leisured nation could ever reckon things in 1s. 11d. and 19s. 11d. Fancy calculating out 3d. yards at 1s. 11d.! It turns anyone's brain that isn't used to it. I just leave it to the shop assistants, and trust to their honesty. But what an awful waste of time a cumbrous system like that must entail in keeping accounts.

And that is not the only funny thing about the English coinage. You English are always talking about coins you have not got. That was very confusing to me at first.

You all talk of guineas. You have not had any guineas for nearly a century, and yet you go on pretending you have got them, and you pay in guineas all the same, though none have been coined since 1816.

And you call your sovereign a "pound" to-day, because hundreds of years ago was a pound weight of silver. You English are just too remarkable for words. I respect you.

Leisurely Business Men.

English business men seem to have more time, too, than any other business people in the world. Just look at your politics. Why, your business men go into Parliament! You have lawyers in Parliament, editors of big papers, merchants and shipowners, and all sorts of business men give up their time to less showy things, like the county councils and poor law and education boards. It is extraordinary to me how they can be spared.

They couldn't do it in America. Business men keep outside politics there; they haven't the time. In America we think you are so well governed because you have a leisured class of aristocrats. But when I came to England I found that your politics, imperial and municipal, were mostly run by real busy men.

And they run politics honestly, too! That struck me all of a heap at first. I couldn't believe it. In America we think it only fair that a man should pay himself, and feather his nest a little, if he gives up his time to politics. It ought to be made up to him somehow. But in England it is so different. Business men do not seem to make money out of politics, and they seem to find time to run a business too. I spend all my days wondering how it is done.

You ought to be the greatest failures on earth. You stick to old methods, old ways, an antiquated way of reckoning, houses without electric lifts or telephones for the most part; you take a long time over your meals; and you don't seem to economise labour in any way. And yet London seems to prosper, and the English people are certainly rich.

English Arrogance.

Next to the leisure of the Englishman and his medieval methods, I think the thing that strikes me most about him is the fact that he considers himself the finest product of creation. If your writers want to talk of anything superlatively excellent, they say "English manhood, English courage, English honesty—as if there were two kinds—manhood, for instance, and English double-breasted manhood; as though you had a patent for special virtues.

It is his calm unconscious arrogance, I think, that makes the English so disliked abroad and so successful at home. Being English, he is quite convinced that he cannot fail, and must be right, and so he finally comes out on top.

"The Most Polite Nation."

People say on our side that the English are cold and stiff. I have never found that. I find them most genial.

Indeed, I have been greatly taken with the English politeness. I suppose it is in consequence of your being such a leisured nation. The bus conductor, when you pay him, often says "Thank you"; the ticket collector of a train says "Thank you"—everybody says "Thank you" in England. It used to overcome me at first. I thought they were poking fun at me.

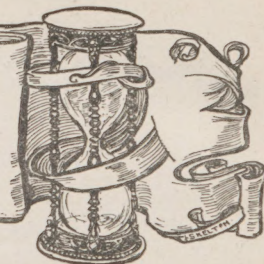
Nobody says thank you in America, we haven't time. Besides, it would not suit a free American. Why should he thank you for doing something you are bound to do, like handing over your railway ticket? But you English can somehow be polite without being servile—that is so curious. You put "please" on your notices too—"Please keep to the right," and you write up "No admittance," and "Private," where we should just stick up "Keep out." "Visitors will oblige, etc." is another notice I have seen in English, and I call it uniplex.

Public politeness is a fine art in England; I consider I have travelled all over the Continent and have never seen it equalled. The English are, in my opinion, in their general manners and behaviour the most polite nation in the world. It is an old world courtesy, the outcome, I suppose, of being so historical and leisurely.

Lilian Tomlin.



The Last Word on Fashions.



THE REVERSIONS OF FASHION.

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE POINTED WAIST LINE.

TO say that Dame Fashion is fickle, that her moods change, and that she is inconsistent, is as unreasonable as to grumble at the sun for hiding his face below the horizon during the night, or the moon for withholding her light in the daytime. Fashion's cycle revolves as steadily as the sun, and the so-called new modes have only to be looked for and we shall find them in use perhaps half a century or two hundred years ago, or maybe away in the Middle Ages, when folks were as particular about the cut of their sleeves and the hang of their cloaks as we are now.

History Repeats Itself.

This winter we have reverted to the 1830 period with an abandon as sincere as it is refreshing. Every device known to the clever cutter is resorted to in order to attain the effect of sloping shoulders for the athletic and often square-shouldered beauty of the day; the full skirts are with us, and the scarf and pelerine we have adopted with enthusiasm, adding new beauty to the old models, and, throwing consistency to the winds, trimming fur with lace, edging tulle and chiffon with fur and fringe, obtaining a rich and harmonious whole from seemingly incongruous materials. But whatever favour is accorded to this 1830 mode or that, it is the pointed waist line which has attained the most universal success; we may evade the seductions of the pelerine, refuse bell sleeves, or harden our hearts against the enormous dimensions of the grannie muffs, but the pointed waist line we must adopt, or withdraw any pretensions to modish attire.

It is a detail of dress which has reappeared at intervals with the intermittent regularity of the sun himself. The Norman ladies achieved the effect by their girdles and belts. In the sixteenth century every Court in Europe adopted the fashion which had been set by the ladies of Florence, Turin, and Pisa, for in those days Italy was as important a source of fashion inspiration as Paris is in the present day.

Looking Backwards.

The exaggeration of the pointed waist line worn by that famous dresser, Queen Elizabeth, is familiar to all of us from her portraits, and it was not until the Stuarts came to the throne of England that its popularity waned. Even then we find it as a feature in elaborate Court dress, where it appears to this day as the accepted mode, though the charms of the Empire style may come and go or short-waisted bébé bodices have their short term of fashion.

In the first half of the eighteenth century the belles in the Mall and St. James's wore the pointed bodice shape with their flowered silk skirts, short sleeves, and lace scallops in treble tiers.

A century later the ladies of 1830 used pointed belts, pinning them firmly down to simulate the long waist in front, just as at the present day our gowns are cut so that the waist line is short at the back and long in front.

Berlin Wool Embroidery.

Berlin wool, which feels its way in and out of fashion, and always looks so smart, is used once more, and appears in intricate stitchery on the yoke of a neat little blue serge walking gown. One dark-brown dress was found to have as many as ten different shades in the needlework which decorated the fronts and cuffs, including Berlin wool in old-fashioned forest green braid, and piping of that colour and orange. A strangely incongruous mixture of tones, of which the result was smartness itself. Another very charming appearance which wool makes is in palest blue on the cream silk yak lace brim of a hat, of which the crown is constructed in cream beaver, and the trimming a cream coque feather laid sideways.

Dainty Details.

What an important part they play, those details of a woman's toilette, and how vastly they contribute to the success of when they are wrong that they attract attention. For instance, elegant with a coarse cotton pocket handkerchief! It would immediately strike an inharmonious, ugly note and mar the perfect symphony of the picture. No, to be in keeping with the rest of the picture her mouchoir must be an ethereal, exquisitely embroidered in one corner, exude a faint, elusive perfume to which it is impossible to put a name, but which instantly

excites interest, and lingers in the imagination long after its fair owner has passed from view, returning only with her presence, or dimly in a dream.

At night her handkerchief should show a border of lace so delicate and cobwebby that it bespeaks a labour of love rather than work actuated by greed of gain, and seems to be a practical illustration of the haughty adage, "Time was made for slaves." Some few fair ladies elect to have their initials placed in the centre of the mouchoir, but this, of course, is purely a matter of taste.

Jewelled Lorgnettes.

As a proof of how admirably a clever woman can make capital even out of a disadvantage, it is instructive to watch her skilfully manipu-

lating a long tortoiseshell lorgnette, the handle of which glitters with jewels. The effect is distinctly patrician, a wee bit disdainful, and altogether chic; in fact, a triumph of short-sighted policy.

A Deadly Weapon.

Of all the weapons, either offensive or defensive, with which fashion has provided our sex, none are capable of such deadly execution as the fan. It expresses every sentiment, and forms an excellent foil. There is a great deal in a fan, and its characteristics are many and diverse. Take, for example, the ostrich feather fan. Is it not typical of sumptuous languor and an oriental love of splendour? It suggests sitting out, or rather reclining luxuriously among downy curtains with a devoted admirer in a less comfortable attitude both of mind and body.

FANCIES AND FROU-FROU.

A FEAST OF SUGGESTIONS.

THERE is no use disguising the fact that the English women's feet of to-day do not justify the poet's fancy of other days. They do not "like little mice creep in and out," rather are they firmly planted here, there, and everywhere like the wooden mallets of other and more utilitarian road makers. There is a great decisiveness about our tread while we stand upon our native heath and see that we receive our rights. But most likely are we to get these when we tread our measures beneath silken petticoats and dainty frou-frou of essentially feminine charm.

The Importance of Petticoats.

The petticoat is one of the most important garments of the day; you may have it short if you incline towards active exercise, but you must have it well cut, an ideal pattern having one flounce en forme, lined with another of a contrasting shade. A black and white striped petticoat, with strappings of cherry colour, and an inner flounce of cherry colour, may be warmly recommended; then, too, the petticoat with two kilts frills of green plaid silk is commendable, and petticoats of blurred brocades in floral designs with linings of pale hued glacé are amongst the desirables for everyday wear.

Elegant Evening Models.

For evening wear there is a feast of delights; chiffon pleated and inset with lace upon its foamy flounces is first on the list. The economical might consider, perhaps, a white glacé, the newest trimming for this being hems of Russian net with a floral design worked upon it in black velvet ribbons. Evening petticoats ought to match the dresses beneath which they are worn, a prodigious suggestion, but none the less admirable for that. A novelty is a petticoat with a skin top; warmly and closely this sets, and has much to commend it, reaching to the knees, where it is trimmed with glacé flounces, which can be buttoned on or unbuttoned and changed at will. Other glacé petticoats, which may for extra warmth be lined with nun's-veiling, swansdown calico, or flannel, according to the taste of the wearer, or the extent of her rheumatism, or the limits of her doctor's generosity, may be trimmed on the gathered and shaped flounces with lines of black velvet ribbon, or velvet of a shade to match.

Such a Pretty Notion.

A very pretty petticoat is trimmed with narrow velvet ribbons formed into scrolls interlaced; then again lace garlands, lace baskets, and lace medallions may be used on taffeta petticoats. Experience has taught us to avoid the lace frill as a delusion and a snare, for these little feet of ours which, to return again to the original contention, do not like little mice creep in and out, neither do they fear the light, which is a pity, considering their size. In any case, let it be written in the world of fashion, the foot must be put down against knickerbockers, and not beneath them, and the petticoat of moreen should only be considered by the extremely economical, for it is harsh and ugly and unsympathetic.

Vogue of Zenana.

And now to become more intimate. We have discarded the old flannel petticoat in favour of the under-petticoat of zenana, a silken fabric interwoven with wool, lending itself amiably to a silk button-hole stitch, and submitting with a fair grace to the machinations of the laundress. A far warmer garment is French lambswool; this is also decorated with button-hole stitch, and perhaps a design of daisies or stars, but worked in wool instead of silk.

These latter are to be bought ready-made, but in all cases the small-shaped band which encloses them at the top should be replaced by one at least seven inches in depth, thus only may the bulk of the lambswool on the hips be avoided. Another popular under-petticoat is made of elastic silk material, and yet another of China silk, lined with nun's-veiling, with China silk flounces striped with innumerable rows of torchon lace, may occupy the highest pedestal in the regard of the wise; and, in parentheses, it may be observed that the very wise are ever under petticoat-government.



A VERY PRETTY AFTERNOON GOWN.

This charming model is carried out in palest dove-grey crepe de Chine. A full skirt is caught in with gaugings below the knees and allowed to flow out in a deep flounce, which is edged with four rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. The pouched bodice has cape sleeves bordered by a creamy lace insertion, picked out with gold; this lace also forming a Victorian yoke. Lines of narrow black velvet reappear on the pouch of the corsage, which is gauged to a considerable depth. A very dainty front and voluminous undersleeves are composed of white mousseline, a novel effect being given by a sprinkling of black velvet pastilles.



Dainty Dutch Bonnet, composed of white felt, with tiny pink rose-buds nestling in the fold and under the brim.

MILLINERY OF THE MOMENT.

PRETTY NOTIONS FOR CHILDREN'S WINTER WEAR.

THE dainty little Dutch bonnets were a veritable find in small girls' millinery, and these and the grannie bonnets keep a firm hold on the popular favour. Our first sketch shows an adaptation of the former style made in a very soft, white felt, quaintly rolled up, and in the fold is tucked a bunch of tiny pink roses with their buds, the flowers also appearing under the brim in front. The strings are of rather wide, cream satin, washing ribbon. The subsequent sketch shows another picturesque, old-world effect in childish millinery carried out in black velvet and ermine.

But though little girls are thus conservative, small boys have started out on quite new lines, and are looking particularly smart in motor caps of a smaller size, of which the wide "tammy" crown and peaked brim have a most becoming appearance. They are made in serge to match the little coat, and like most children's garments, look best in scarlet.

And while the younger generation is getting its due share of attention, the elder is not

neglected. The shops are crowded with ever new and changing models, and with eager purchasers; a winter hat being an almost more important consideration than a summer one, for it has the power to give such smartness and brightness to what must, out of deference to our climate, be a somewhat sober winter garb.

There have been no great innovations or changes in the way of millinery lately. Having arrived at something really charming, we are actually keeping to it, perhaps because that "something" is so very comprehensive, including all sorts and conditions of hats, that it really hardly leaves us much scope for change.



Grannie Bonnet, in black velvet, edged with ermine.

Considering the tricorné as a resuscitation rather than an innovation, the torpedo or bicorne has been the only real novelty this season.

It is a style that imperatively demands softness of brim, and this is gained in one very alluring model by a close ruche of cream silk and velvet rose petals overlaying each other. Another distinctive example is composed entirely of chenille balls shaded from red and pink closely packed, while the only trimming is a group of shaded wings. Irish lace, fur, layers of shaded wings, and rucked velvet are four other mediums chosen to give the desired softness to these toques.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TRICORNE.

The triumph of the tricorné is drawing to a close. As a shape it is no longer numbered among the élite, for is it not seen on the head of one woman in every omnibus tipped backward at the wrong angle, and sadly proclaiming the fact of its being a member of the family entitled "this style in all colours—18s. 11d."? But smart milliners are celebrating the approaching abdication of the tricorné in glories of red, orange, and purple,

for it may still take its place as a chapeau de luxe when carried out in the lovely and curious colours which are unobtainable in a cheap make of hat. The mode of trimming also has the power to lift the shape once more to a proper level of smartness.

Taking these conditions into consideration, one realises that a hat which fulfils them both is one of rose red mouflon with a wide line of black silk military braid and a narrower one of white binding to edge, and a white osprey to one side.

EVENING GOWNS FOR ELEGANT WOMEN.

The thoughts of many of us are intent at this present moment on the very same subject—evening frocks; and the wise among us wend our way to Messrs. Dickins and Jones to see and make a selection of one of their charming models. Perchance our choice will be the original of our sketch, quite a delicious gown in maize-coloured chiffon, with rows of tucks and punched lace insertion of graduated widths; the dainty bodice having a soft silk ceinture and deeply-frilled elbow sleeves.

Messrs. Dickins and Jones have always made a special point of their made skirts with material for bodice; and among these are some delightful examples particularly suited to young girls, in accordion-pleated mousseline de soie of any pale shade, with lace medallion insertion which, mounted on sateen with material for bodice, costs only four guineas, and on silk six guineas.

Then another more elaborate model at 84 guineas (which, by-the-by, looks especially smart in scarlet, one of the colours of the year) has fascinating intricacies of gathers and insertion down the skirt, terminating in a deep hem-stitched flounce. While, in conclusion, one must mention something new in black, a delightful creation of French spotted net, looking equally well made up over black or white.



Dance or Dinner Gown in maize-coloured chiffon.

DICKINS & JONES.

The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET." REGD.

The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" is manufactured under scientific supervision, the cut and make being perfect. Each bone is placed in the position requiring support, without impeding or checking the proper exercise of the muscles, allowing perfect freedom of action to the whole frame; all these advantages are obtained, with an additional elegance of form, as the illustration will show.

The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET" is made of the best materials, and fitted throughout with REAL WHALEBONE (busts and side-steel excepted), best sewing and perfect finish. The quality of the "Spécialité Corset" will be found 25 per cent. better, at the price, than any other Corset offered to the public.

TESTIMONIAL.

"Lightfoot House, White Knight Road, Buxton."

Mrs. C. Davies writes:—"More than eighteen years ago I had a pair of 'Spécialité Corsets,' since then I have occasionally tried many other kinds which have been recommended to me, but I have always gone back to the 'Spécialité Corsets,' as by long experience I am convinced that the 'Spécialité Corsets' are the best."

TYPE 8.—The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," Straight Front, long waist, medium height bust and back, White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 27/6; Black, unlined, 25/6. Strong Suspensives for this Corset, in White or Black, with Tabs, 3/- per pair; without Tabs, 2/6.

TYPE 11.—The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," Straight Front, medium waist, cut low in bust and back, suitable for day or evening wear, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 16/6; in Black, unlined, 18/6 complete. Suspensives extra; prices, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/3; without Tabs, 2/-.

TYPE 10.—The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," Straight Front, long waist, in White Coutille and Real Whalebone, 19/6; and also in Black, unlined, 21/- complete. Special Suspensives for wearing with this type of Corset, in White or Black, with Tabs, 2/6; without Tabs, 2/-.

signed to give a long-waisted effect, cut very low in the bust, deep on the hips, and slightly boned under the arms to prevent the figure spreading. It will be found to give a smart appearance without any undue compression of the stomach, and is absolutely comfortable. Price, in White Coutille or Real Whalebone, 25/6; in Black Coutille, 27/6; in Coutille Broché, 29/6 per pair. Specially strong Suspensives, 2/6 per pair.

DICKINS & JONES, LTD., Regent St., London, W.



TYPE 12.—This new form of The "SPÉCIALITÉ CORSET," Straight Front, as illustration, has been carefully de-

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Of Chemists and Drug Stores, 1/13, 2/9, and 4/6.

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 32, SNOW HILL, LONDON, E.C.

The "Daily Mirror" Bridge Contest.

In accordance with the suggestions of many correspondents, who have thought that our Tournament might be made more attractive to beginners by the addition of subordinate prizes, the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* have now decided to increase the sum given away by distributing a further

FIFTY POUNDS

in consolation prizes among the unsuccessful candidates. The total sum added as a free gift to the entrance fees is now

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

placing the competition on even a more popular basis than before. We repeat to-day our first three COUPONS—not "problems" but merely diagrams of ordinary Bridge hands dealt at random. Those who have not yet entered for the Tournament should cut out the three coupons on this page and send them in all together, carefully observing the instructions printed below.

♥ THE CASH PRIZES. ♥

Every reader who wishes to join in the Tournament must send us full name and address (not for publication, unless desired), the *nom de guerre* (if any) which it is intended to assume, a copy of the card-diagram (which must be cut from the paper) and a postal order for one shilling.

All the entrance-fees so subscribed will be divided among the prize-winners. Besides which, the Proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* will themselves give the sum of

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS.

One Hundred Pounds of this and all the entrance-fees received will be collected into a lump sum, every penny of which will be handed over to the competitor who sends in the best set of answers to the complete series of questions. If two or more competitors are equal in merit, the money will be divided. The remaining FIFTY POUNDS will be distributed in Consolation Prizes.

♦ NO LONG WAITING. ♦

You will not have to go through a tedious period of waiting for the award to be made. The tournament will close on December 14, and a large and experienced staff of clerks will be at work all the time checking and entering up the replies received. All solutions will be examined with scrupulous care; and if there are two (or more) ways, equally good, of playing a hand, both will be counted as correct.

♦ THE RULES. ♦

1. Each competitor must cut out the diagrams, sign them at foot with full name and address, and the *nom de guerre* or initials which it is desired to use, pin the diagram to the replies, and enclose the whole in an envelope, addressed to the Bridge Editor, *Daily Mirror*, 2, Carnarville-

street, London, E.C., accompanied by a postal order for one shilling.

There will only be one such entrance fee payable by each competitor during the whole of the Tournament. Consequently, no further postal order is to be sent in forwarding the remainder of the competitors' replies.

2. New competitors may enter at any time during the progress of the Tournament; but in such a case a complete set of diagrams from the beginning must always be enclosed with the entrance fee.

3. The outside of the envelope must be legibly marked above the address: "*Daily Mirror* Bridge Tournament," and no other communication or inquiry may be enclosed under the same cover. Requests for information, queries on points of Bridge play, suggestions, reports of hands dealt, etc., must invariably be sent under separate cover.

4. In all matters admitting of reasonable doubt the decision of the Bridge Editor (which will be given with the strictest impartiality) must be accepted as final.

5. No person in the employ of, or connected with the publication of, the *Daily Mirror* will be allowed to compete.

6. The above rules are subject to modification or correction before the competition closes.

The postal order for 1s. (which must be crossed Barclay and Co.) must be sent in with the first solutions, and competitors are urged to send in their replies day by day if possible.

Back numbers can always be obtained through newsgagents, or facsimile diagrams will be sent by the Bridge Editor on receipt of two penny stamps.

December 14 is the last day on which solutions will be received.

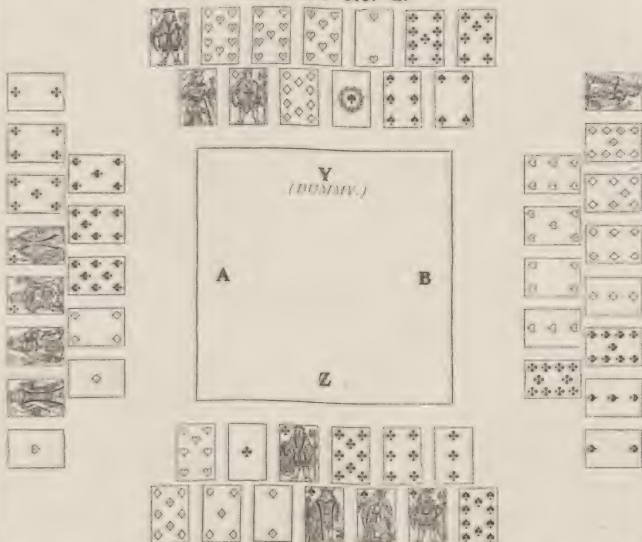
COUPON No. 1.



Score: Love all. Z deals and declares No Trumps. A leads ♣ 3.

Name *Nom de Guerre*
Address or Initials.....

COUPON No. 2.



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it to his partner, who declares Hearts. A leads ♣ 2.

Write out what you consider would be the correct play of the three hands given on this page. The cards are not to be played as if all four hands were known, but just according to the usual rules of Bridge, Dummy's (Y's) hand being the only one laid face upwards on the table. State legibly at the head of your reply what number of tricks you claim for Y and Z.

Name *Nom de Guerre*
Address or Initials.....

fortunate one. In other words, the play which does best in the long run may not do best in a specified instance.

In reply to question (A) from A. R. F., see the particulars of prize-money given on this page. (B) The last coupon will be issued on December 11th and 12th.

In reply to E. T., there are several ways of playing three-handed Bridge. In one form, the same person plays with a Dummy every deal; when one of his opponents deals there is consequently a second Dummy on the table. In another form (sometimes called "Roving Dummy"), the dealer only has a Dummy partner every time, as in the four-handed game. In this case, the three players shift places each deal, so as always to leave the vacant place in front of the dealer; and each player keeps his own individual score. In this form, the winner of any single game scores 30 extra points, the 100 points for rubber being abolished.

In every form of Dummy Bridge when the declaration is left to a dead Dummy, it must be made according to fixed rules. If the hand contains three aces, it is no-trumps; in other cases, the longest suit must be declared. If there are two suits of equal length, they must be counted up (ace = 11; other honours = 10 each; the rest according to pips), and the suit which counts the most is trumps. If two suits count up equal, the most expensive must be chosen.

"Student" asks: "Would you kindly clear away a doubt that exists as to the exact meaning of your question: What number of tricks do you claim for Y? Do you mean the number of odd tricks (that is, tricks over six)? If so, your expression implies that Y 2 must win more than six tricks if they play properly."

What is asked for is the total number of tricks won by Y and Z (whether more or fewer than six), together with the course of play showing how the result is arrived at.

R. B. B. (Lichfield), asks: "Is it necessary or advisable to give reasons for playing certain cards in the hands? For instance, in your notes of November 13, you give an example of how the first trick should be played. Now, it is obvious that B should play ♠ 6, and not ♠ 5, as shown in your diagram. By doing this, he shows his partner he has only two. Would it be proper to put a note against this trick, stating reason for playing ♠ 6?"

To avoid misunderstanding, it is well to premise that the example we gave was intended merely to show how the play of the cards might be clearly indicated. It is not necessary to append notes or reasons to the play; but it is certainly advisable to do so, in all cases where the competitor considers that his reply would be improved thereby. It is wholly a matter of judgment, which must be decided by the competitor himself.

It may be of importance to solvers in general, and to R. B. B. in particular, to add that the plan of "signaling" in a suit (by playing an unnecessarily high card) is only used to show two in suit when a trump has been declared. When there are no trumps the play has a different significance, as has been already explained in this column.

In reply to several inquirers who appear not to have seen our previous example, we repeat the model we gave of how each trick may be written out:—

Trick	A.	Y.	B.	Z.
1	♠ 3	♠ 3	♠ 4	♠ 7

The winning card is under-scored. All the cards of each player are kept in the same vertical line.

Ernest Bergholt

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

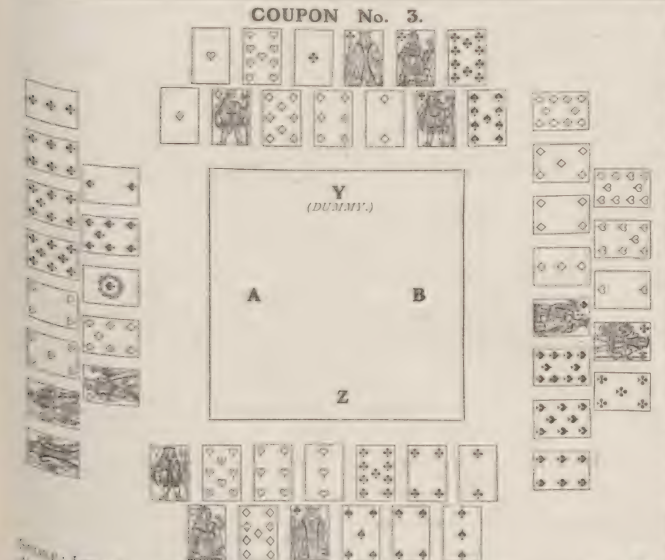
"Oriol" most heartily congratulates us on the idea of the Tournament, and makes inquiry as follows:—

"Is Z, the dealer, allowed to play false cards, to deceive his adversaries if he can, as he would do in ordinary play? And to what extent will you admit the play of false cards in the hands of A and B, for the purpose of disconcerting the dealer? I suppose you really want the play to be as straightforward as possible?"

This question is in reality answered by the instructions at the foot of the coupon. The dealer will play as many false cards as he pleases. False cards by the dealer's adversaries, on the contrary—which mostly deceive only the partner of the would-be deceiver—should be indulged in with extreme caution, and only when the justification for them is perfectly clear. Play as sound, simple, and straightforward a game as possible.

"Is it a sine qua non," asks "Double," "that in Coupon No. 1 A must lead ♠ 3? I maintain that the proper lead is ♠ Q, by which A wins the odd trick; whereas, by opening the clubs (which, in my humble opinion, is wrong play) AB lose the odd trick. I abide, however, by your dictum."

When A has to lead, all he knows is that Z has declared no-trumps, and that B has not doubled. His correct lead is ♠ 3, the card given. Moreover, the correct card to lead from Q, J, four in suit, is the smallest card, not the queen. The actual result—whatever it may be—proves nothing in any case, except that the correct lead may possibly be an un-



Score: Love all. Z deals and leaves it to his partner, who declares No-trumps. A leads ♥ 4.
Name *Nom de Guerre*
Address or Initials.....



The Cult of the Cat.

By FRANCES SIMPSON.



A CAT craze is imminent in England, if, indeed, it has not already been inaugurated. Cats will soon be as popular as Bridge and motor-cars. At the present moment cat worship is almost as fashionable in our country as was once the case in Egypt, and now we make idols, not of wood and stone, but of fur and fluff.

Fascinating Hobby.

At one time it was supposed that only old maids kept cats, as some sort of consolation for the lack of other home joys which were denied to them. But now "young men and maidens, old men and children"—yes, and fashionable women in society more than all—have taken up the fascinating hobby, and prices are paid nowadays for cats which would astonish outsiders. One could buy very good horses for less money.

Royalty and Cats.

Amongst our royalties, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein is a great lover of cats, and breeds and exhibits blue and silver Persians. The Duchess of Bedford and the Countess of Aberdeen are well known in the Cat Fancy, and own some lovely pet pussies. It is curious to note that many devotees of the dog also "go in" for cats, and it would seem that the old adage of a "cat and dog life" does not hold good when these animals are brought up together.

A Model Cattery.

Lady Alexander, of Ballochmyle, is well known in Kennel Club circles, and in the cat fancy she is celebrated for her wonderful short-haired breeds. At the present time about forty cats are at the Faygate Cattery, and of these ten are champions and two rare specimens of a tortoiseshell and a tortoiseshell and white male. No one has done so much for "poor puss" as Lady Marcus Beresford, who for many years has championed her cause, and in the model catteries at Bishops-gate many beautiful cats and notable winners have lived and died. During the past year the inmates have been reduced in number, and Lady Marcus is intending to breed only Siamese and have a few house pets.

A Silver Queen.

With the name of Lady Decies is inseparably connected the well-known "Zaida," that silver queen who rules and conquers whenever she deigns to appear at our shows, and then retires with additional award cards, with which to paper the walls of her luxurious home on the cliffs at Birrington.

The Adoration of Pussy.

Mrs. Maclaren Morrison, who has helped to make the tiny jag the fashion in the dog world, has ever been a keen supporter of the Cat Fancy. Lady Gooch, of Pekinese repute, breeds blue Persians, and Lady Escher has quite a kennel of handsome cats at Windsor. Mrs. Collingwood, of Leighton Buzzard, adores her short-haired English pussies, and beautifully-marked silver tabbies are her chief delight, their

nearest rivals being a much-loved fox terrier and a clever French poodle.

A Society of Persian Cats.

In Yorkshire Mrs. Slingsby, whose name is well-known in sporting circles, breeds Persian cats and is a very successful exhibitor and a generous supporter of the Fancy. Mrs. Michael Hughes has a number of the short-haired blues, formerly called Russians, and Lady Rachel Byng and Lady Thiselton-Dyer have recently joined the ranks of the Blue Persian Cat Society.

Lady Maitland, Lady Muriel Digby, and Miss Gertrude Gay are also amongst the many fanciers of the fashionable "blues."

Scotch and Irish Cats.

In Scotland there is a consistently increasing interest in things "catty," blue-eyed white Persians being the favourite breed.

In Ireland the cult of the cat is yet young, but Miss Rosamund Whitney is doing much to arouse more general enthusiasm in cats in the Sister Isle. Her affections are large centred in brown tabby Persians, and she pays periodical visits to England to exhibit her big burly browns at our leading shows. Manx and Siamese cats have many admirers in spite of the lack of tail in the former and the loudness of voice in the latter.

The Cat Fancy in America.

In America the Cat Fancy is extending every year, and cat clubs are springing up like mushrooms in all parts of the country. So important has become the question of the exportation of cats that the Treasury of the United States sent over an agent to England to ascertain the true market value of cats. Our annual export of cats must run into thousands of pounds, and so far we have no rival as a cat-producing country.

All those requiring Servants should read pages 15 and 16 of to-day's "Daily Mirror."

\$500 for a Postcard.

We are desirous of receiving suggestions for the development of the *Daily Mirror*. We will present

£1,000

to those who send the best hints, written on postcards, on or before Wednesday, December 2nd. Any person can send any number of hints, and gentlemen as well as ladies can assist. The rule should be observed of one hint on one postcard.

The £1,000 will be divided as follows:—
For the Best Suggestion - - £500.
For the Second Best - - £100.
Eighty other Suggestions - - £5 each.

The winners may, if they choose, nominate charities for the receipt of their awards if they do not care to retain the money themselves.

With regard to the awards for postcard suggestions, the Editors of the *Daily Mirror* reserve to themselves the absolute right to be sole arbitrators in making any gift or award without giving any reason, and in case of any dispute their decision must be considered as final.

All postcards should be addressed:—

Suggestion Department
THE DAILY MIRROR,
2, CARMILITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 45.—BAKED FLOUNDERS.

INGREDIENTS:—Four flounders, a little butter, browned crumbs.

Wash and clean the fish. Melt the butter in a dish, dip the fish into it, or, which is better, brush the fish with the butter, then cover it with the browned crumbs. Slightly grease a baking tin, lay the fish on it, cover it with a piece of buttered paper and bake in a moderate oven from ten to fifteen minutes, according to the thickness of the fish.

Cost 1s. 3d. for four portions.

No. 46.—APPLE AMBER.

INGREDIENTS:—Six large apples, three ounces of castor sugar, the rind of a lemon, three eggs, pastry.

Peel, core, and slice the apples, put them in a saucepan with the sugar and grated rind. Let them cook gently till they are soft, then rub them through a sieve. Line a pie dish with any pastry—pastry is the nicest. Blend up the yolks of the eggs and add them to the apple mixture. Then pour the mixture into the dish and bake in a moderate oven for about fifteen minutes. Next whisk the whites to a very stiff froth, pile this up over the apples, sprinkle a little castor sugar over the tops and put the dish in a cool oven for a few minutes till the meringue is quite set and of a pale biscuit colour.

Cost 1s. 4d. for six portions.

No. 47.—SEED CAKE.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, four eggs, half an ounce of caraway seeds, one pound of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, half a gill of milk.

Line a cake tin with three layers of greased paper. Cream together the butter and sugar. Then put in the eggs one by one, beating each well in. Sieve together the flour, baking powder, and salt, then stir the flour lightly to the eggs and butter, and lastly add the caraway seeds. Put the mixture into the prepared tin and bake in a moderate oven for one and a half hours. It is advisable to stand the cake tin on a layer of sand in a baking tin; this prevents the bottom of the cake getting burnt.

Cost 1s. 6d. for about 2 lbs. weight.

No. 48.—NORMANDY SOUP.

INGREDIENTS:—Two large carrots, one small onion, two ounces of butter, one pint of white stock or water, half a pint of milk, one ounce of flour, one bay leaf, two teaspoonfuls of chopped parsley, salt, and pepper.

Wash and scrape the carrots, then with a small round cutter cut the red part into small balls, the size of large peas. Grate the rest of the carrots on a grater, you will want two large tablespoonfuls of grated carrot. Chop the onion finely. Melt the butter in a bright pan, put into it the onion and grated carrot and stir them about in it over a slow fire for five minutes. They must on no account get brown. Then add the water, bay leaf, carrot balls, and about half-a-teaspoonful of salt. Put the lid on the pan and cook the contents for about half an hour or till the balls of carrot are soft. Mix the flour smoothly with the milk. When the carrots are soft take out the bay leaf, pour in the flour and milk, and stir over the fire till it boils. Add the parsley and serve.

Cost 10d. for three portions.

No. 49.—PLOVERS EN CASSEROLE.

INGREDIENTS:—Four plovers, stock, six olives, two ounces of lean ham, a small bunch of thyme, parsley, marjoram, and a bay leaf, a glass of port wine, one tablespoonful of ketchup, and the same of orange juice.

Cut the birds in halves. Thickly butter the inside of a casserole. Dip each piece of plover in flour seasoned with salt and pepper, then put them in the casserole, cover them with good stock. Cut the ham and olives into strips, add them to the casserole, also the herbs and wine.

Put the lid on the casserole and let its contents cook slowly for one hour. Then take out the herbs, add the orange juice and ketchup, season it nicely to taste, and serve in the casserole.

Cost 5s. for six portions.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.

Grilled Kidneys and Bacon.
* Baked Flounders.
Scrambled Eggs on Toast.
Devilled Grouse. Brown.

LUNCH.

Ox-Tail Soup. Baked and Stuffed Haddock.
Roast Leg of Pork with Apple Sauce.
Cornish Pasties. Eggs à la Cintra.
Curry of Mixed Vegetables.
* Apple Amber. Cheese Soufflé.

COLD DISHES.

Veal. Boiled Ham.
Steak and Kidney Pie.

TEA.

Muffins. Apple Jelly Sandwiches.
Chelisen Huns. German Macaroons.
* Sweet Cake.

DINNER.

Soup. Clear Mock Turtle.

Boiled Cod with Oyster Sauce.
* Roasted Chicken.
Medallions of Chicken.

Roasts.

Rolled Ribs of Beef.
Ducks and Apple Sauce.
* Plovers en Casserole. Roast Snipe.
Orange Salad.

Vegetables.

French Beans. Potato Ribbons.
* Sweet.
Chartreuse of Oranges. Sweet Omelet.
Savouries.
Carrot Sandwiches. Cheese Agrettes.
Ice.
Banana Cream.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

RUSS & CO.,

MANUFACTURING FURRIERS,

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LONDON, W.

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GLASGOW.

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EXPERTS IN ALL FUR WORK.



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COTTONWOOL UNDERCLOTHING.

Soft,
Non-Shrinking,
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TESTIMONIALS,
and CUTTINGS
Post Free
from

THE LAHMANN
AGENCY,

15, Fore Street,
London, E.C.

Ladies', 6/6, Children's, 2/6, S.S.

PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS.

All "Daily Mirror" Readers are advised to WRITE TO
MALCOLM McMEekin, 7, Red Lion St., Holborn.

for Specimens of really Fashionable and
Chaste Styles. Send your Post Free.

Presents of old-fashioned "Re-dished" Cards.

SEE THIS Dainty COLLECTION—COMPARE PRICES.

Cailler's

GENUINE SWISS

MILK CHOCOLATE

[Supplied to H.M. the Queen.]

has an enormous sale. It's a wonder-
fully delicious food-sweetmeat. Take
some at the theatre "between the
acts." Send a parcel to your dear
friend for Xmas. She will like it.

Sold by all Confectioners in 1d., 3d., and 6d. tablets,
and in 6d. boxes and croquettes.

If you want the best, ask
for Cailler's!

The Daily Time Saver

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 16.—POULARDE VICTORIA.

By M. TRILLAT, Chef of Hotel Victoria.

Truss a nice white poularde for entrée; have some truffles and foie gras cut in discs, season well, add some forcemeat of chicken, put in a small basin, mix well together, and stuff poularde with it. Rub the breast of the fowl with a little lemon to get it quite white, lard it with a slice of bacon fat, tie up in a piece of muslin, put in saucepan with some chicken stock, and boil slowly till well cooked. Take out, take muslin and bacon fat off. Dish up and garnish with chicken's kernels, coxcombs, and heads of white champignons, each garniture put in bottom of an artichoke. Mask the poularde with suprême sauce made from chicken stock and cream. Serve with a little sauce separate.

Memoranda for Housekeepers.

The daily time-saver for housekeepers is intended to assist in the morning task of ordering the supplies for the day. Careful study of it will show that it has been so designed as to meet the requirements of those directing establishments conducted on a moderate scale of expense, as well as those on a grand scale.

The choice of dishes will be changed every day, and menus of any length can be easily drawn up from it. They will be specially devised to suit the needs of large and small families.

The lists were corrected at the various London markets on Wednesday evening.

PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

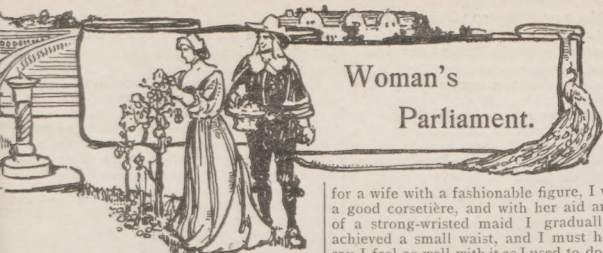
Fish.
Cod. Crimped Cod. Eels.
Haddocks. Hake. Herrings.
Mullet. Mackerel. Plaice. Soles.
Turbot. Whitebait.
Lobsters. Oysters. Crabs.
Meat.
Dairy-fed Pork.
Beef. Veal. Mutton.
Game and Poultry.
Surrey Pheasants. Turkeys. Geese.
Rabbits. Ducks. Pigeons.
Wildgeon. Wild Duck. Teal. Hares.
Pheasants. Plover. Venison.
Vegetables.
Beans. Artichokes. Brussels Sprouts.
Capicums. Asparagus. Carrots.
Celeriac. Celery. Chilies. Cucumbers.
Shallots. Leeks.

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Oranges. Plums. Figs.
Grapes. Pears. Apples. Bananas.
Custard Apples. Nuts. Melons.

FLOWERS IN SEASON.

Plants for the Table.
Yellow and Scarlet Ranunculus.
Chrysanthemums. Carnations.
Mixed Foliage. Smilax. Mimosa.
Narcissus. Violets.
Cut Flowers and Plants in Pots.
Heaths. Azaleas.
Cyclamen. Begonias. Green Aralias.
Palms of various kinds.



THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I beg you will allow a clergyman who has worked in a North London parish for twenty-three years to protest against Miss Constance Williams's treatment of this subject, in your issue of to-day. One's natural instinct is to abstain from contradicting a lady; but I cannot allow her plea for a purely secular education for children to pass unchallenged. Let me put the matter plainly. What is the first question discussed by a parent when he or she contemplates sending a girl or boy to school? The question asked is whether the school that is in contemplation has a good moral and religious tone. Is there a single public school in existence where the religious welfare of the boys is not the first care of governors and masters alike? If a religious education is good for the children of the rich, why is it not also good for the children of the poor?

I regard this matter as of the most vital importance, and particularly in an age when the home life of the working-classes tends to become less religious every year. I speak from a wide experience, and I have no hesitation in saying that the religious teaching received in school hours is the only religious teaching that the vast majority of the poorer children ever receive. I cannot agree with Miss Williams that "morality and clean-living, kindness and love" are adequate substitutes for a thorough training in the truths of religion. Let us by all means inculcate the virtues enumerated, but let us not withhold from children the best and only means of achieving them.

NORTH LONDON VICAR.

THE SPIDER WAIST.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

I was amused at reading your article on the "Spider Waist," as I doubt if many girls nowadays own even a moderately small one. Personally, I was brought up to consider a tightly-laced corset an abomination, but after I married, to please my husband's wish

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Firs, Torhampton, was the address which the Countess of Dexter used on her cards. The address was suggestive of a modern villa residence, standing in its own, if rather limited, grounds, a terra-cotta mansion in the Tudor-Dutch style of the twentieth century, the sort of house that one sees in the "Studio" and in Hampstead, and is generally furnished by Liberty. But the real "Firs" was nothing of the sort. It was an ugly, old-fashioned, three-storied red-brick cube, dating from the reign of William the Fourth. Its unimpressive front was perforated with seven square windows with white frames and small oblong panes of glass, and the only sign of architectural decoration was in the white-painted woodwork porch and doorway, which were good specimens of the pseudo-classical style so much in vogue at that particularly ugly period.

The house stood back about twenty paces from the high road in a prim and ugly garden, surrounded by a six-foot, red-brick wall, topped by a broken-bottle glass. If the exterior of the mansion was ugly, the interior was spacious and exceedingly comfortable; and at the back there was quite a pretty lawn, marked out as a tennis-court, surrounded by a belt of respectable trees and shrubs. Amongst them, however, was no sign of a fir; and how the mansion got its name no one knew, or cared.

The Countess of Dexter had lived there ever since her second husband's death, with her occasional cats, several family retainers, and a menagerie exhibited at the local cat show.

Lady Dexter had had a somewhat chequered career; and, because of it, may be forgiven many things. She was the daughter of an impecunious parson, and his old-fashioned, religious, and narrow-minded wife. Between them they had endowed her with nothing but a pretty face and an ambition to achieve fame and wealth, which, in the middle seventies, was an exceedingly dangerous ambition for a

for a wife with a fashionable figure, I went to a good coiffeur, and with her aid and that of a strong-wristed maid I gradually have achieved a small waist, and I must honestly say I feel as well with it as I used to do before I had one. Girls, however, nowadays very rarely tight lace I believe, at least I know of none, with the exception of one, whose mother insists on it, so I am afraid the league's efforts will be wasted. If you should publish my letter I shall be much interested to see if any of your readers will own to tight lacing. I very much doubt it, as the present fashion practically enable one to do without a waist.

Sinclair-road, W.

FIGURE.

SMOKING IN THEATRES.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

The letter from "An Old Lady" in to-day's *Daily Mirror* seems to me to miss the point of this discussion. If our husbands and brothers insist on smoking in theatres, we women shall have to submit.

Like your correspondent, I am one of those women who have not yet fallen victims to the smoking habit. Indeed, I dislike tobacco smoke, especially the highly-flavoured smoke of the modern cigarette, and I admit that tobacco smoke is bad for one's hair and bad for one's best friends.

But what can we do? Is it not a fact that the modern man shuns more and more every year the companionship of his womenfolk unless they allow him to indulge his craving for the soothing weed?

I believe in taking people as you find them. My father would never have dreamed of smoking in my mother's drawing-room, much less in the theatre. But it is a fact that many things that were once considered the worst of bad manners are now regarded as polite in the smartest society. Why not also smoking in theatres?

A. L. CARTON.

Curzon-street, W., Nov. 18.

DO WOMEN WEAR WIGS?

(To the Editor of the *Daily Mirror*.)

Modern times have developed many modern diseases, amongst which are "motor spine," "bicycle heart," and other queer complaints; but to me remains the honour of suffering from the very latest twentieth century disease,

viz., wigs-on-the-brain, and it was all brought on by the *Daily Mirror*. Whether I shall ever really recover from it remains to be seen. "John Strange Winter's" statement that women could not take off their hats because their wigs were attached to them conjured up in my mind's eye a sort of John Gilpin, "away-went-hat, away-went-wig" scene, which set me laughing in such unseemly fashion that two sweet ancient maiden ladies sitting near raised their delicate eyebrows in amazed disapproval. This was not lessened either when I turned to them and smilingly asked: "Do you wear wigs when you go to the theatre?"

Explanations ensued, and then one of them confessed to a modest "tail" at the back as the extent of her deceptions.

From that moment the idea of wigs has possessed me, and I have gone about the world simply absorbed in coiffures, keenly scrutinising the heads of every feminine creature above sixteen years, and carefully noting down every wig, "front" or "tail." I have talked wigs, counted wigs, dreamt of wigs, admired wigs, despised wigs, and written about wigs (confidentially, of course) ever since.

My interest in wigs began in a can-it-be-possible sort of spirit, and now it is fast evaporating in a no-it-is-not-possible-certainty.

Observation and inquiry both amongst women and wig-makers go to prove clearly that not more than one per cent. of the feminine portion of the average theatre-goers are adorned with wigs, and only about three per cent. wear "tails" or toupées, which, be it said, do not in any way interfere with the removal of the hat.

H. E. BROWNING.

Toddington, Beds.

THE TYRANNY OF THE "LOVE INTEREST."

MAY I, in reply to a "dissident novelist" upon the tyranny of the love interest in fiction, relate an anecdote? It happened a fortnight ago. A man—mark, not a woman—got hold of a certain novel, just issued, and sat down in the evening to read it. The hours went by one after the other until at length, in the small hours of the next morning, he recalled that it was Saturday (or, rather, Sunday now), and lamps were filled on that day to last over Sunday, and if the lamp were emptied there "might be trouble." So he reluctantly went to bed.

Now, as it happened, this novel was "about one woman and two men," just "hero, heroine, and the other fellow." Wherefore, then, the assertion that women alone are to blame for the eternal "love interest" in stories?

And even if so—why not? If women show greater susceptibility to the finer things in life, why blame them for an excellence whose weaker side at least has charm? For is not

thing; and several millions sterling cover a multitude of short-comings.

Stern lived in the City, and did not embarrass her to any great extent. His secretaries saw far more of him than she did, and she was glad of it. He was content to let her entertain his wife called herself the Countess of Dexter, instead of Mrs. Leonard Stern. He basked, as it were, in her reflected glory, for in his heart of hearts he worshipped rank, and mentally resolved that, before he had done with things, he too would have a handle to his name.

Less than a year after their marriage Jacqueline was born; and a year after Jacqueline came the great crash. Leonard Stern had made his money with incredible swiftness—his whole financial rise could be comprised in five years. They used to call him "The Comet." And he lost every penny he possessed and a good deal more, in less than a month; and, before the end, blew out his brains.

After the whole unpleasant business was over, Lady Dexter found herself with the addition of another daughter to her expenses and the choice of the workhouse or the charity of her relatives as a means of support. It says a good deal for her strength of character that she did not forget all about Claudia and the baby Jacqueline, and follow her second husband's example as a solution to a seemingly insoluble problem of existence.

But, fortunately for her, her mother died suddenly from a heart affection, and, shortly afterwards, her father, the impecunious parson, followed his beloved wife. Lady Dexter inherited by his will everything he had to leave, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been about two hundred a year, and a thousand pounds from a life insurance policy; but, a few weeks before, a cousin of the impecunious parson had died, leaving him the whole of his real and personal estate, included in which legal expression was the Firs and certain stocks and shares, producing an income of nearly a thousand pounds a year. Of course, this all came to Sophia.

This did fate reward her in her misfortune; and, from that time to this, Sophia Countess of Dexter, resided in the house of her second cousin, and enjoyed the fruits of his forty years of labour as a medical practitioner, bringing up her two daughters as best she could to achieve the fulfilment of that ambition for fame and wealth in which she had failed.

A great deal can be done on twelve hundred a year, especially in Torhampton. It enabled her ladyship to keep up a certain position, including a one-horse brougham; it gave both Claudia and Jacqueline an excellent education; but it meant martyrdom to Lady Dexter, and an amount of self-abnega-

love an excellent thing, indeed, the most excellent gift of the gods to mortals.

Then what need to try and answer the question, "Are there no other stories?" There are other stories, of course; but they are for the children of the world, not the grown-ups; not for such as take hold of life in as big handfuls as they are able, and try to read its cyphers.

These "other" stories, it will be observed, which are most excellent for the place they are designed to fill, do nevertheless deal also with passions and virtues, but both passions and virtues are of the sort required of human nature in its earlier stages of development.

What nobler gospel, then, than that of love should the story-teller set out to elucidate and glorify? And if it be done very often in the poorest little way, perhaps it may touch chords in some heart that could not respond to more finely-elaborated schemes.

As in the old Hindu faith the highest God is symbolised as Creator, Destroyer, and Regenerator—so with Love. It builds, it devastates, but it also rejuvenates. It is the heart of the world. All the human virtues are noble, its higher passions are beautiful, but they are as facets of the perfected whole which St. Paul describes in the famous saying, "the greatest of these is love."

May it ever be woman's watchword, whether she reads novels or only writes them!

Cardiganshire.

A Writer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

DOCTORS AND THEIR WORK. Robert Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S. Smith, Elder. 6s.
WINDFALLS. Robert Alden. Simpkin Marshall. 6s.
FROST JOURNALISM. John Frederic Condé Williams. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.
DRINKERS OF HEMLOCK. A. Stodart Walker. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.
RECOLLECTIONS OF JAMES MARTEAU. Rev. Alexander H. Crawford, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall. 3s. 6d.
SIX WAISTCOAT POCKET CLASSICS. Anthony Treherne. Simpkin, Marshall. 6s.
THE RISING GENERATION. Constance Elizabeth Maud. Smith, Elder. 6s.
ONE THOUSAND POEMS FOR CHILDREN. Roger Ingepen. Hutchinson. 7s.
THE WAYS OF THE MILLIONAIRE. Oswald Crawford. Chapman and Hall. 6s.
FROM MY WINDOW IN CHELSEA. Ella Fuller Maitland. Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.
THE CASE OF ISABELLA. Dr. Sophia Jex-Blake. Simpkin, Marshall. 15s.
WILD NATURE'S WAYS. R. Kearton, F.Z.S. Cassell. 10s. 6d.
MY FRIENDS IN THE FIFTIES. Julia N. Bell. Guilbert Pirbright. 2s. 6d.
THE STORY OF THE ORGAN. C. F. Abdy Williams. The Walter Scott Publishing Company.
THE MAKERS OF BRITISH ART. Lord Windsor. The Walter Scott Publishing Company. 3s. 6d.
JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION. Arthur Lawrence. (The State in Life Series.) Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.
THE BIRTHDAY BOOK OF DESTINY. Sephralair. Nichols. 6s.
BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. Oxford University Press Warehouse.
GREAT MASTERS. Sir Martin Conway. Heinemann. 5s. net.

tion not to be expected in a woman of her character and temperament. That she lived those eighteen years that succeeded Leonard Stern's tragic death, and maintained anything of her charm of face and manner, is a strong argument in favour of those who claim that the maternal instinct is strong in the race.

Whether the chance ever presented itself to her of marrying again is doubtful. It is reasonable to suppose that she preferred to leave the fulfilment of her desires and her ambition to her daughters. If Claudia married at twenty, and there was no reason why she should not, she would then be under forty.

She told herself, as the girls grew towards womanhood, and dressmaking bills made a big hole in the quarterly expenditure, that difficulties would arise when the girls had to be brought out. In Claudia's case she was wrong. Claudia was several years older than Jacqueline, and her turn came when Jacqueline was at school in Normandy. But Claudia knew how matters stood, and loyally supported her mother in her endeavour to cut her coat according to her cloth. In this she relieved Lady Dexter from financial embarrassments, though the girl's character sorely disappointed her.

Claudia was much too unconventional; she had no tact, no ambition, she was avowedly a free-lance, and detested men. She was terribly original, and had monstrous ideas of life; she suggested such things as earning her own living, and declared that she hated the idea of marriage, and would never think of it unless she met the man who was predestined to be her alter ego. A great many girls talk like this at that age; but Lady Dexter soon began to despair of consummating her hopes in her elder daughter, and the daughter who, being the child of an Earl, she believed might have had such a good chance. She looked to Jacqueline; and Jacqueline, in due course, did not disappoint her, though she proved a far more expensive luxury. Jacqueline was plain Miss Stern, daughter of a bankrupt stockbroker, who was also a suicide; Claudia was Lady Claudia Waynefflet, also daughter of a bankrupt, but a bankrupt who was an earl and a Gentleman.

Both girls were particularly good-looking, each in their different way. When Claudia was five-and-twenty, and Jacqueline nineteen, they looked almost of an age, and a stranger might guess Claudia to be the younger. It would be impossible to conceive two girls utterly unlike in appearance, as well as temperament. Neither bore the remotest resemblance to their pretty mother, and Lady Dexter had frequently declared that Claudia was the image of her father—a true Waynefflet; whereas Jacqueline, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, dark-haired, lithe and graceful, with red lips, and, at nineteen, the full

But the world could not be expected to know

The Earl coughed noisily and stroked his pointed chin, that protruded like a tusk be-

Conversation was easy, and the Earl was in an uncommonly good temper, while Verulam felt it incumbent upon him to shine in the

"Yes. It certainly is very funny!"

To be Continued To-morrow.

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